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THE CAMPING IDEAL

The New Human Race

A brief survey of the summer and winter outdoor Camp Movement in the United States, with particular reference to organized cultural camps in the Atlantic and Midwestern States, based upon observations made on a second camp tour undertaken for

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

by

Henry Wellington Wack, F.R.G.S.

Author of

In Thamesland, In the Snow of the Alps, The Wilderness Healer, The Story of the Congo, Summer Camps—Boys and Girls, etc.

*Associate Director, Camp Department
The Red Book Magazine*

With a Greeting by

Mary Roberts Pinehart

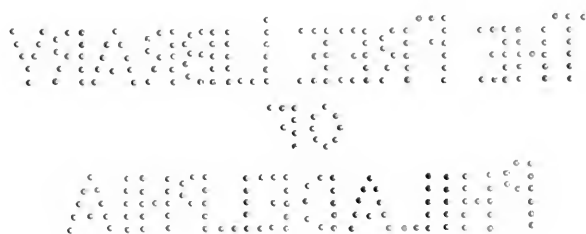
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DEDICATED
TO

*A Courageous Spirit to Better the Race
by a Rational Mode of Healthful Living
and the Will to Practice those Rugged
Virtues of a Simpler Life which Inspired
the Founders of the Nation before the
Genius of Man Carved his Cities from
the Wilderness*

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GREETING

There is a brotherhood of the open road and the sky. Its meetings are held around camp fires all over the country; its members are dedicated to the love of nature and its conservation; and they are all life members. For once to "hit" the trail is to be always a follower of it.

To this brotherhood I belong. And as I learn to know my country, to meet it face to face, on still nights in the woods, in long days in the open, I am a better American, a better citizen.

To all of you, then, whose outfits may pass mine some day on the road, spurs jingling or pans rattling, a greeting. Here's to the long trail and a good camp just ahead; to sunrise and sunset and the afterglow, to air and exercise and a night's sleep well earned. And here's to you and me; may our trails cross.

Mary Roberts Rinehart.

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PUBLISHER'S NOTE

This, the second volume of THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE's publications in aid of the educative recreational camp movement, is an extension of last year's volume, "Summer Camps—Boys and Girls." An unexpected demand for the latter exhausted the edition long before many who were interested in its contents had been supplied.

The first volume and the incidental RED BOOK MAGAZINE camp and school publications during 1924 have brought to the surface a genuine interest in a rational outdoor life and, in a way, crystallized the educational and character-building aim of the qualified American camp. These current publications have also extended their inspirations abroad—to England, France and Germany, where, it is gratifying to observe, the American cultural camp system is being established for the service of foreign youth. The present aspect of the camp movement is, therefore, both progressive and promising. It is traveling fast and far toward its rightful place as a significant branch of modern educational instrumentalities.

Six years ago THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE adopted an editorial policy which consistently sought to promote the work and influence of the private school and the cultural camp—a policy which pleads for a thorough education for every American boy and girl. Today it has the largest Educational Department of any magazine in the country, a department in which college men and women of wide cultural experience devote themselves to a personal service for parents,

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schools, camps and colleges. This service is not only designed to inspire parents with the higher ideals of child education and the moulding of character into the stature and force of leadership founded upon a truer Americanism; but it provides expert facility for directing children to the schools and camps best fitted to achieve their utmost development. The family response to that socially constructive policy has been phenomenal and promises to bind THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE to the American family with ties that must endure so long as the onward and upward spirit of our social order prevails.

New York City
January, 1925

THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE

FOREWORD

DURING the summer of the year 1923 the author visited 243 camps for boys and girls in the six New England states, the region in which organized camps were first established.

In 1924 he visited 121 camps in the Adirondack, Catskill and Pocono Mountains, in the states of New York and Pennsylvania, and in the lake regions of northern Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan. It is the intention another year to visit the central and southern parts of the latter states, a region in which many fine camps have been established.

While the 243 camps visited in New England last year entailed an automobile mileage of 5365 miles, the visit to 121 camps in New York, Pennsylvania and western states this year made a trail of over 7100 miles. This indicates the relative density of the camp population in New England and the northwestern states. In the northwest the distances between camps is often a whole day's journey. In one instance the author drove 352 miles to visit and return from one camp. But the excellent highway posting system of Minnesota and its straight, flat roads, which are often ten miles long without a kink, made the western trail a pleasure, except through certain Indian Reservations where hard roads do not as yet exist.

FOREWORD

The camps surveyed during the preceding two years, therefore, number 364, or about one-third of all the privately organized educative recreational camps in the United States whose enrollment is open to the public. This does not include family camps or municipal and wayside, church, Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., Boy Scout, Girl Scout, Camp Fire Girl, Mountain-climbing and Canoe clubs, and sportsmen's camps, of which there are now several thousand from coast to coast.

The author also visited a goodly number of the 107 camps established in Bear Mountain and Harriman State Parks, 40 miles north of New York City, on the west bank of the Hudson River. These great camping parks are administered by the Commissioners of the Palisades Interstate Park, and their domain, dedicated to the recreation of the people of New York and New Jersey, is the largest recreation camp enterprise in the world.

As a record of the 1923 camp tour, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE published a volume entitled "Summer Camps—Boys and Girls," the favorable and interested reception of which has been very gratifying. Campers, camp directors and parents have found it inspirational of the camp purpose, which is nothing less than the building of bigger, braver, better boys and girls as the progenitors of a better race.

FOREWORD

The present volume aims to deal with the educational and recreational value of this organized outdoor life from the angle of racial and national social interest, the betterment of American citizenship, and the physical, mental and moral improvement of the individuals upon whom must devolve the loyal support of American institutions.

To those camp directors, counselors and campers who, by many kindly considerations, assisted the author to follow his long, arduous and eventful trail, we acknowledge our appreciation. To the thousands of boys and girls who, after listening to our campfire tales, expressed a desire to see or hear more of us, we commend this brief chronicle. Our remarks to Jupiter Pluvius, who maliciously kept ahead of us on the trail, we dare not publish. Finally, to a few western sportsmen who took us into their comforting camps and warmed the cockles of our heart with a friendly light in their eyes, we wish to offer the gratitude of a fellow who understands what it is "to rest in God's Green Inn."
H. W. W.

New York, December, 1924

CHAPTER I

THE AMERICAN CAMP MOVEMENT

The Biologic Impulse back of it—Its Serious Racial Significance—The New Generation and Race Betterment—Is the Human Race Degenerating in the Old World and the New?—Startling Pre-War Statistics in Proof of the Fact that it Was Decaying—A Subconscious Urge to Save Mankind from Eventual Extinction Is the Underlying Motif which Aims at a Simpler, more Rational Mode of Living Outdoors—Even American Architecture Is Undergoing Changes to Meet the Demand for Greater Ventilation and Purer Air—Less and Looser Clothing—Less Food and More Energy—The Hygienic Value of Sunshine—The Sleeping-Porch, Cradle of a Sturdier Race—The Wholesome Example of Camp-trained Individuals—The Dismal Prophecies of Science if Mankind does not Recognize Degenerative Tendencies and Mend Its Ways—Modern Life is a Life-saving Process, Not Floating in Quiet Waters—What Great Biologists Are Saying of the Need of Race Salvation—The Organized Camp Is One of America's Remedies—We Are Reverting to Our Natural Habits when We Live Outdoors—And Our Children Are Leading Us into the Sunlight and toward a Better Race.

Organized cultural camps of two months' dura-

THE AMERICAN CAMP MOVEMENT

tion and small homogeneous membership are the vital part of that constantly expanding outdoor movement which, gaining new impetus during the war, promises to exceed all expectations. And it is a movement of poignant social significance. Its phenomena are arresting the attention of the thinking citizen and winning respect and admiration for those who sensed the prospect long before it attained its present national aspect.

There are in the United States over 1200 organized private camps with an enrollment of nearly 150,000 boys and girls. There are now over a million American boy and girl scouts, all of whom are given camp, woodcraft, manual and handicraft training each year. The Woodcraft League members, among whom a vast army of live men and women, boys and girls are enrolled, number many thousands. The League is rapidly increasing in membership throughout the land. The Camp Fire Girls have organizations in eastern, western and southern states and they number many thousands of outdoor girls and women. Local hiking clubs abound in almost every village in the states in which camps have taught the gospel of nature lore and woodcraft. These new pores in our social body are letting more sun and air into the lives of several million American men and women, boys and girls—potential parents of a new race.

In an age when life is a life-saving process of increasing strains, we must recur to the fact that

“man has improved every useful creature and every useful plant with which he has come in contact—with the exception of his own species.”

Was it not late in 1913 that the United States Agricultural Department announced the perfection of a blueberry nearly three-quarters of an inch in diameter, which could be raised in our kitchen gardens? We have developed hens which lay 300 eggs a year instead of 112, and milady, the gentle cow, has, by the process of man's scientific breeding and animal culture, become a butter-mill producing over 20 pounds of butter a week.

“But,” said Professor Ray Lankaster, as long as thirty-two years ago, “the traditional history of mankind furnishes us with notable examples of degeneration. High states of civilization have decayed and given place to low and degenerate states. * * * With regard to ourselves, the white races of Europe, the possibility of degeneration seems to be worth some consideration. In accordance with a tacit assumption of universal progress—an unreasoning optimism—we are accustomed to regard ourselves as necessarily progressing, as necessarily having arrived at a higher and more elaborated condition than that which our ancestors reached and as destined to progress still farther. On the other hand, it is well to remember that we are subject to the general laws of evolution and are as likely to degenerate as to progress.

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As compared with the immediate forefathers of our civilization, the ancient Greeks, we do not appear to have improved so far as our bodily structure is concerned nor assuredly so far as some of our mental capacities are concerned. * * *

"There is only one means of estimating our position, only one means of so shaping our conduct that we may with certainty avoid degeneration and keep an onward course. For us it is possible to ascertain what will conduce to our higher development, what will favor our degeneration. To us has been given the power 'to know the cause of things,' and by the use of this power it is possible for us to control our destinies. It is for us, by ceaseless and ever hopeful labor, to try to gain a knowledge of man's place in the order of nature. When we have gained this fully and minutely, we shall be able by the light of the past to guide ourselves in the future."

In arresting this tendency to degeneration, the American camp movement, so called, has a far greater significance than its superficial aspect implies. It is no less than the innate urge of our younger generation to remake the *genus homo* into a form and vigor capable of meeting the intensified world-tests ahead of him. In the innermost thoughts of our youth, many recent-day theories of life are being scrapped, ruthlessly cast out of their half-conscious reckoning of the future. You

can find seventeen-year-old boys and girls in the camps we have visited whom five summers of training under a sound camp director have made sober students of life and the living world. In the 117 addresses the author made during the tour, none was so well received by these boys and girls as those which dealt with the broader problems of life. To these youthful groups it appears that the old world is groaning for a new leadership—their leadership. And it was good to see that after the author's more intimate talks to girl campers many of them came forward and said, "Oh, you told us so much we wanted to know. Won't you talk like that to the boys, also?" Which, with fair interpretation, meant that the girls in our better qualified camps are deeply concerned about the future of the Family and all that it means in the security, the prosperity and the happiness of the nation.

In boys' camps the funny story or tale of adventure received no greater welcome than the speaker's intimate appeal to the boy consciousness and to those quick, young perceptions with which his brief preachments were often received. Said one boy, "Never mind the moral. Tell us more about those cannibals!" Whereupon another chirped raucously, "Cage the cannibals! Tell us about ourselves."

So, you see, the camp boys are also thinking, meditating seriously on life's surprises and their

own destinies. Perhaps a voice in their subconscious natures has already told them that of twenty-seven of the world's transcendent geniuses, men who were universally recognized as such, and as representing all nations and all time, eleven were produced by a small region about the size of Scranton, Pennsylvania. Ten of them rose to fame in the city of Athens, which in this group "produced in a few years more men of consummate genius than did all the millions of inhabitants of China, Arabia, India, Palestine, Rome, Carthage and all of Europe breeding for two thousand years!"

In the face of such facts, is it the part of wisdom to rest in the belief that, despite our strenuous and materialistic life, the race is growing in those qualities most useful to sustain its progress?

The late Professor Alpheus Hyatt, of Boston University, one of the leading biologists of his time, held the view shared by many distinguished scientists throughout the world; namely, "that the race, like the individual, has only a limited store of vitality and that both must develop, progress, decline and die in obedience to one and the same law," as Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, of Michigan, aptly states it. There can be no doubt that the growth-stages of the individual actually resemble the stages in the evolution of the race to which it belongs. To simplify Professor Hyatt's profound

observations, he says, in effect, that "phylogeny (the race history of an animal or vegetable type), like ontogeny (that which explains the principles and causes of being), is first progressive and thus attains an acme of progress. This acme is followed, however, by a stage of "retrogression ending in extinction," unless consciously arrested and given a new urge forward.

If this were to be the certain entrance and exit of a race, the prospect would be dismal indeed. Man has, however, shown such genius in employing the favorable and combating the unfavorable forces of nature that, despite a large and constantly growing body of scientific belief to the contrary, we believe he will find means of escaping that eventual extinction which has already overtaken most of the races of the higher vertebrates. Through his intelligence man may indeed escape the operation of physical law and actually harness (as he has already brought electricity and radioactive air currents under his phenomenal control) the forces opposed to his existence. He may escape the destructive influences which have exterminated race after race of other animals. In any event, is it not wise to recognize the danger that besets mankind no less than it has beset his progenitors, and, conforming himself to biologic laws which govern his being, intelligently and persistently combat the exterminating cosmic forces to which every living

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creature is, in fact (not in theory), amenable?

The late Sir Alfred Wallace maintained that the race had not improved either mentally or morally since ancient Egypt was in its glory. To add to modern distress, he went further and insisted that, considering our possibilities and our opportunities, we are "worse morally than were the Egyptians or any other people who lived before us."

Says Professor Ray Lankaster in the London Telegraph: "Meanwhile, it seems that the unregulated increase of the population, the indiscriminate, unquestioning protection of infant life and of adult life also—without selection or limitation—must lead to results which can only be described as general degeneration. How far such a conclusion is justified and what are the possible modifying or counteracting influences at work which may affect the future of mankind—are *questions of surpassing interest.*"

Man knows that every living thing in the world develops, attains its stature and dies; that species after species has become extinct; that the whole law of life and evolution has been the phenomena of coming and going, of creation and extinction. Unless man is an exempt miracle, the same law is operating upon him and his destiny today, and it certainly is a matter of surpassing interest to every generation how he is answering these eternal

questions: Whither are we going? How is modern civilization directing the forces of nature upon us in relation to our progress or decline? What are we doing as the superior beings of the world to reinvigorate the human race and impart to it those dynamic forces by which we shall endure?

A noted British authority aptly points out that "it would be extremely fallacious to conclude that a diminished death rate is any indication of an increased power of resistance to disease and an improvement in the inherent vitality of a people." The death rate has declined, this authority insists, "not because the nation is more resistant to disease but because modern science has lessened its incidence and modern skill in treatment has diminished its fatality."

An eminent American authority, whose courageous contributions to social, medical and biologic science have won worldwide admiration, Dr. John Harvey Kellogg, points out that "the prevention of plagues by quarantine, the suppression of small-pox by vaccination, the control of typhoid fever by safeguarding water supplies, the better protection in infancy and the marvelous strides which have been made in medical science have not improved the vitality of the race, but have simply served to keep alive a large number of feeble infants who otherwise would have perished. The result is that the beneficent activities referred to *have ac-*

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tually served to diminish the average strength and vigor of the race!"

Insurance actuaries state that notwithstanding all the advances made in the prevention and cure of diseases, there has been a steady and marked increase in the average amount of sickness at all ages. From English Board of Education reports we learn that of six million children registered in the public elementary schools of England and Wales "far more than half of the children show very pronounced evidence of inherent constitutional weakness. This fact perhaps bespeaks more loudly than could any other the presence of an active trend in the English race toward degeneracy and ultimate extinction." (This report was published in 1913).

Dr. Tredgold, an eminent English authority, says among other things that "it is evident that the proportion of feeble infants born into the world is at present very much greater than fifty years ago." This very conservative physician and advocate of eugenics as a means of race regeneration points to the enormous increase of insanity and feeble-mindedness in recent years—the years just before the war—and says: "While the increase of the population of England and Wales in 52 years has been 85.8 per cent, the increase of the certified insane has been 262.2 per cent!" He finally adds the startling statement that in Eng-

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land and Wales the mentally infirm constitute well over one per cent of the entire community.

After presenting a long and striking array of facts based on English and Welsh vital statistics, this authority sums up what the situation was in the British Isles just before the World War, when the latter's disruptions had not aggravated the untoward conditions indicated.

"It is impossible," he continues, "to avoid the conclusion that at present England contains an increasing number of people who are failing to adapt themselves to the exigencies of the times, who are not keeping pace with the increasing demands which civilization entails, and who are deficient in the capacity to carry on the progress of the nation and of the race. It seems probable, in view of the history of nations in the past, that much of the present social and industrial unrest and the movements toward communism is also an expression of the same increasing physical and mental incapacity and of a waning spirit of grit and independence."

He concludes: "Life on this planet is so constituted that it can only progress by the survival and propagation of the biologically fit and the elimination of the unfit. In the course of man's evolution a stage has been reached at which this process has been reversed, with the result that the race merely marks time, while successive nations

ebb to and fro in a ceaseless rise and fall."

The foregoing citations have been largely drawn from British sources because of England's older civilization and its relation in turn to the old world.

American vital statistics are equally impressive. The American people, its polyglot character, are not exempt from the immutable forces of nature. And if in this transcendently luminous age of our progress we have a wide thread of rust in the fabric of American civilization, it behooves us to observe its real significance and to forfend its ultimate degenerative effect.

During a period of thirty years ending in 1908, Massachusetts suffered an increase of 100 per cent in mortality from degenerative diseases. Today the increase is even greater. Our national birth rate is steadily declining, and at the same time the span of life is steadily shortening.

In sixteen of the largest cities of the country the death rate increased 27 per cent in ages over 40 during the same period. Of the 20,000,000 school children in this country, not less than 75 per cent need attention for physical defects which are prejudicial to health. Insanity and idiocy are increasing. There are in the United States over 15,000 suicides annually. More than 9,800 murders are committed in the United States every year—more than the aggregate number in any

other ten civilized nations, with the exception of Russia. We have the appalling estimated homicide record of over 100 per million of population, as against 7 in Canada, 9 in Great Britain and 15 in Italy!

The important organs of our bodies are wearing out too soon and the diseases of old age are wrecking the young. Exact statistics since prohibition became the law of the land and the largesse of pirates are not available. But before the Dry Age and toward the end of the Bibulous Era, the daily poison dose, through drug and alcoholic habits, had steadily increased from year to year until the average person living in the United States, including men, women and children, swallowed 368 grams of poison a day. This alone, says the statistician from whom we quote, would be enough to produce profound symptoms of degeneration, if no other causes were in operation.

“Man, the most complicated of all animal organisms, and hence the most likely to be injured by unfavorable conditions, finds himself at the present time subjected to an environment more dissimilar from that to which he is naturally adapted than that of almost any other race of animals. *Naturally* an outdoor dweller, freely exposed to the sunlight and bathed in pure air, man has become a house dweller, secludes himself from the sun and air, smothers himself with black clothing and

spends the greater part of his life as a prisoner within air tight walls, exposed to a vitiated atmosphere and the disease-producing germs which thrive under such conditions. Man is naturally a low-protein feeder, like the chimpanzee, the orang and other primates. In recent times he has adopted a high-protein diet, the diet of the dog and the lion—animals whose digestive machinery is adapted to such a dietary, which is hostile and damaging to the human constitution.”

In another instance the same biologist said: “Unfortunately, man has to a large extent neglected to recognize the necessity of preserving so far as possible the essential conditions of his primitive life. He has allowed himself to drift. He has formed habits by chance. He has * * * undertaken to compel his body to adjust itself to impossible conditions, with the result that, instead of lessening, he has intensified the evil effects of environment. The same forces which have destroyed other creatures, other animals and species, and which are preying upon man as a member of the animal kingdom, have actually been increased and exaggerated instead of being mitigated and neutralized by the intelligence of man.

“Man has thus forced upon his body conditions which are so far removed from his biologic and physiologic requirements that, at the present time, he is actually accentuating by his daily habits of

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life the influence of those destructive forces which have wiped out generation after generation of living beings.

“Every teacher, every leader of human thought, should join in making known to every human being in every corner of the globe the fact that the human race is dying!”

In his own healthful, vital and spirited life, Dr. Kellogg, the author of the foregoing appeal, is a shining example of a being who in person and pedigree measures up to what the superior race should be. At the age of 70 he has the body and the spirit of 20. All his life has been dedicated to “the betterment of the human race.” And one of his numerous enterprises to promote the regeneration of a declining race is a beautiful camp and school of physical culture in the middle west, where his other instrumentalities for the prevention of disease and the revitalization of human beings are perhaps the most advanced and effective in the world.

So from the purely scientific angle, America, through the brave advance of her courageous pioneers (amongst whom we must include private school and camp directors of progressive views and practices) has here and there recognized racial tendencies and set about to arrest decay and to regain an ascendant progression toward a new human race. Despite the dismal aspect of the bald facts of our present human condition, this scientist,

along with others who are surcharged with an informed hope, believes that if we who have the courage to point to our racial decay succeed in gaining a general recognition of the fact, the spirit and intelligence in man will assert itself in rational methods for producing human thoroughbreds, a process of race betterment with all the desirable qualities of the superior citizen.

Instead of breeding quantity to embarrass the life of the nation with untrainable hordes, our immediate aim should be to train a superior type of human being which can and will qualify for a higher, more effective leadership in all departments of life.

It is to achieve this that our qualified private schools and our properly directed outdoor camps have become such important social and educational factors. And, foreseeing what their power for good must presently be, THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE has made their cause and the cause of all other means of race betterment, its active editorial policy—one in which it feels it must win the unstinted support of every American citizen.

Finally, a large group of foreign as well as American scientists, students of world civilizations, have since the war renewed the warnings contained in their writings theretofore: that unless mankind organizes its reproductive function and directs and controls it with a due regard for the biologic laws

of all animal life, these civilizations, like every other preceding them, will disintegrate and disappear. That is why E. Carpenter asks: "Is Civilization a Disease?" and C. T. Ewart writes on "Human Degeneracy" and H. P. Dunn asks in "The Nineteenth Century": "Is Our Race Degenerating?" In his startling book, "The Passing of a Great Race", M. Grant illuminates the subject in a forceful manner and sets the thoughtful world to thinking. W. Hunt, in London, England, devotes a monograph of 118 pages to the question: "Are We a Declining Race?" and then shows the British that they are a rapidly declining race. Seth King Humphrey in his remarkable book, "Mankind," asserts that "One of the greatest social discoveries yet to be made is that parenthood is not an inalienable right!" Dr. Woods Hutchinson, who has devoted most of his life in America to the task of saving man from the stupidity of his omnivorous palate and the insatiate greed of his stomach, points to "Evidence of Race Regeneration in the United States." W. R. Sorley, in his book, "The Problem of Decadence", and H. J. Wilson, in his essay on "Physical Deterioration in Its Relation to the Industrial Classes", fortify the evidence we present herein. The splendid work of Popenoe and Johnson upon "Applied Eugenics" and kindred subjects, points to our downward racial tendency in terms and with proof that only the dense and the blind would ig-

nore. Finally, Dr. Samuel J. Holmes, in his comparatively recent book, "The Trend of the Race", adds his wisdom to the subject of race degeneracy and race redemption. The plea of all these courageous students of human destiny is for an organized social control of *enlightened, physically qualified parenthood* and a greater rationality in our diet and mode of living. And it is precisely this that our children are taught to contemplate and practice in the organized summer camp, where the latter is under competent and progressive leadership.

That indefatigable student of life and the living—the man who made his early health the inspiration for a later robustness that became a nation's admiration—the late Theodore Roosevelt—said at the Conference of Governors a few years ago when a national conservation policy was first discussed:

"Finally, let us remember that the conservation of our natural resources, though the gravest problem today, is yet but part of *another and greater problem to which this nation is not yet awake*, but to which it will awake in time and with which it must hereafter grapple if it is to live: the problem of national efficiency, the patriotic duty of insuring the safety and continuance of the Nation. When the people of the United States consciously undertake to raise themselves as citizens, and the Nation and the States in their several spheres, to

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the highest pitch of excellence in private, state and national life, and to do this because it is the first of all the duties of true patriotism, then and not till then the future of this Nation, in quality and in time, will be assured."

Reference to American vital statistics after the war, since which time conditions of life and health have been subnormal, disclose a worse state than is here presented. Resistance to disease has been lessened; a certain devitalization of those who fought abroad and those who sustained them at home has ensued. There has been a disquieting increase in crime. Our national institutions are being assailed by the underman. Our individual habits of life are producing decadent mediocrity instead of an Aristocracy of Health and Efficiency.

In the murk of all this, there is the hopeful glow of a new light—this organized exodus toward the sun and stars and unvitiated air; this opening up of the windows, transoms and doors of our air-tight dwellings—this deliberate pilgrimage back to the hills and valleys beyond the din and dirt of great cities.

Organized summer camps are being followed by winter camps in many parts of the country. The camp movement is rapidly expanding. We shall presently see the American people, at last conscious of race deterioration throughout the world, adopting a mode of life that will in a few genera-

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tions qualify them to resume their stride forward. And the biological significance of their rush to the open is confirmed by the observations hereinafter presented.

CHAPTER II

LEISURE—A NATIONAL PROBLEM

Leisure as a Moral or a Mischievous Force—The Federal Government's Recognition of its Menace—It Is the Breeder of Many Social Problems—Can It Be Directed into Constructive Channels?—What the Thinking World Is Saying about It—Camps the Ideal Training School for Leisure—More Play and Less Work Makes Jack a Bad Boy—The National Congress on Outdoor Recreation, May, 1924—What It Did to Promote Constructive Recreation—Nerves Are Wrecked by Idleness, Not Work—Mis-spent Leisure Often the Spawn of Crime—Our National Parks and Forest Reserves Are Recreational Sanctuaries—President and Cabinet Favor Rational Recreation Habits of All the People—Auxiliary City Camps—Elihu Root's Warning—Edward Bok's—Camping and the Gang—The Answer of our Boys and Girls.

The day is approaching when the Federal Government will invite the qualified campers of the country to direct its policies and practice in a national outdoor recreation scheme. Leisure has become as serious a problem as labor. And it promises to breed other social problems which should give pause to all our administrative forces, federal, state and local.

LEISURE—A NATIONAL PROBLEM

Not long ago labor was content and happier than at present. It then delivered its service and skill throughout a ten-hour day. Now the work day is nominally eight hours, with apparently less skill and labor.

Meantime, leisure becomes one of the foremost problems of our time. Indeed it is already such. Crime of every description and degree is multiplying in the proportion that leisure, unemployed, idle and mischievous leisure, is increased and placed at the disposal of individuals who have never learned what to do with time except to "kill" it.

In this direction camp-trained boys and girls, men and women can see what is coming to add to the explosive character of our social complexities. They can see a day already dawning when human beings will run amuck destructively with more leisure than they can assimilate. Men and women intelligently employed in legitimate occupations and recreations do not commit the crimes which infest the world. Crime is the destructive, abnormal expression of the idle. As the day of labor is shortened and the time of leisure lengthened, destructive forces will increase unless people are taught to employ their leisure in a constructive, healthful and objective manner. Then leisure's yield will be better people, better lives and a social system based upon better human conduct in all spheres of life.

We need a University of Leisure, now that leisure constitutes *over* two-thirds of every so-called work-day, and has added to itself half of Saturday and all of Sunday.

Back of the Government's interest in a supervised system of national recreation lies an appreciation of what we have just set forth. The President and his ministers who summoned the National Conference on Outdoor Recreation have long been conscious of the necessity for educating the American people for their leisure as well as their work. They realize that unemployed or misdirected leisure is a national menace and a racial injury. They know that 52 per cent of American school children in large cities do nothing healthful nor in any sense recreative outside of school hours, but that where organized public playgrounds prevail juvenile delinquency decreased 24 per cent.

Dr. Joseph Hyde Pratt, of North Carolina, said that "playgrounds and parks have a decided influence in eliminating slum areas and crime-breeding environments and in reducing juvenile delinquency." He urged the coordination of local and federal recreative policies and a wider use of the public domain everywhere for organized recreation; that the reaction of the hours of work and the hours of play should be worked out in a manner to leave no room for idleness and its spawn of misconduct, crime and degeneracy.

Dr. Charles L. Dana, the eminent specialist on nervous diseases and psychiatry, one-time president of the New York Academy of Medicine, while discussing the national aspect of increasing leisure, said: "It seems very evident that not occupation, not work, but the things which are done when not working oftenest cause disorders of the mind and nerves."

Allied with the bureaus of the Federal Government, which many believe should be promoting recreation under a coordinated system and policy, are the Camp Directors Association, National Park Service, Forest Service, General Land Office, Bureau of Indian Affairs, Bureau of Public Roads, Bureau of Education, Children's Bureau, Public Health Service, Bureau of Biological Survey, Bureau of Fisheries, Bureau of Plant Industry, Geological Survey, Military Parks, Board of Vocational Training, the Smithsonian Institution, the National Museum, American Museum of Natural History in New York, the Field Museum in Chicago, American Association of Museums, the Appalachian and other Mountain Clubs, the Russell Sage Foundation, Interstate Palisades Park Commission in New York and New Jersey, National Association of Audubon Societies, Green Mountain Club of Vermont, Regional Planting Association of America, the State Conservation Commissions, State Forestry Service, Highway and Waterway

Commissions and Health Departments in cities, the Playground and Park Commissions and similar bodies.

"We stop playing not because we grow old, but we grow old because we stop playing."

All recreation is, however, not playing. There are many forms of recreative activity which, while pleasurable, are far from sheer play. Angling, mountain climbing, wilderness walks, botanizing, geological investigations, canoe and auto cruises, camping, land and aquatic sports, forestry, gardening, fruit culture, raising furbearers, animal breeding, traveling here and abroad, outdoor sketching, floriculture, nature studies, photography and hundreds of other avocational pursuits bring new joy into the leisure day and make the tasks of the work-day sweet and spirited.

Our friend, Edward Bok, has set a fine example to every American business man. He knew when to quit work and devote himself to constructive and patriotic recreative pleasures. He wants us all to cultivate resources within ourselves which will eventually emancipate us from flywheels, cogs and pulleys. Mr. Bok once wisely said:

"The real trouble with the American business man is that in many instances he is actually afraid to let go because out of business he would not know what to do. For years he has so immersed himself in business, to the exclusion of all other interests,

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that at 50 or 70 he finds himself a slave to his business with positively no inner resources."

Not long ago Elihu Root said: "Success comes of what you have made of your inner nature. Cultivate your taste to receive joy from a thing of beauty; cultivate your powers for the joy you may obtain from their employment; cultivate friendship and those simple virtues which are so commonly admired. No man is truly happy who must depend on outside things for his happiness."

Governor Martin G. Brumbaugh, of Pennsylvania, whose unbounded enthusiasm for the organized summer camps in the Pocono Mountains of his state we had occasion to observe when we visited the Pocono camps last July, flashed a few brilliant jewels of wisdom at the Washington conference. Governor Brumbaugh is an out-and-out outdoor outer and knows much of Pennsylvania's wilder beauty in her hills and valleys and along her quiet trails: "We have done little (as a nation) to make leisure count for the intellectual, social and physical betterment of our people. The right use of leisure is as vital to good citizenship as the right use of toil. It is the business of government to make it easy for her people to do right, hard for them to do wrong. This Conference is a recognition of this truth and *the first far-visioned effort of the Nation to stem the tides of crime and physical decay.* * * * * Idleness and loafing are

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alike the enemies of good government. These are the seed beds of much lawlessness, unrest, disorder and class hatred—the great source of unstable government. Industry and wholesome, constructive recreation are the effective antidotes for many national ills.”

Dean Franklin Moon, of the New York State College of Forestry, Syracuse, said, at the same convention:

“The value of recreation in the outdoors has already been discussed from many angles, yet its benefits cannot be overstressed. It is the consensus of opinion that today we in America are living largely upon the inherited mental and physical vigor of our ancestors; that the stout frames and stouter hearts bred by a long battle against the primeval forests and the enemies it contained constitute the greatest heritage passed down to us by pilgrim and cavalier; but that unless we again consciously and universally turn the minds and hearts of our people toward a life in the open, American vigor will soon reach its crest. Some fifty years ago that great apostle of park and playground, Frederick Law Olmstead, stated that the average human nervous system could stand only three to four generations of city life. * *

* * If that was true in 1870, how much more potent is his argument today, with the speed of

our life in the cities multiplied manyfold—automobile, airplane, jazz.”

Dr. Moon then warned the delegates, among whom were many foresters, that “unless foresters take the leadership in developing a program of *forest recreation* as an integral part of the plan of forest management, we are going to see the reins pass to other hands, and state, county and national parks created on a vast scale with recreation as their primary function, and consequently financial support for both the acquisition and the maintenance of timber-producing forests relatively decrease instead of growing year by year. Moreover, all men in charge of forests, particularly those publicly owned, should inaugurate as soon as possible a survey of the recreational facilities and possibilities of the area under their jurisdiction.”

Speaking upon a national provision for the enjoyment of our scenic resources, Professor Henry Vincent Hubbard, of the American Society of Landscape Architects, said:

“As man has increased on the face of the earth, the amount of actually wild landscape has decreased, and in our time it is decreasing at an enormously accelerated rate, so that the unhampered expressions of nature’s forces which were formerly almost the inevitable environment of man, remain only in inaccessible places, and even there they are rapidly passing away before the trans-

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forming forces of man's enterprise. * * * The responsibility rests upon us, as it has never rested upon any generation of men before, to see to it that some scattered remnants of natural character and natural beauty, which we still have left to us, are preserved for the recreation and inspiration of the generations to come."

Mr. Will O. Doolittle, the Executive Secretary of the American Institute of Park Executives, an organization over thirty years old, said much upon the subject of outdoor recreation that would interest all progressive campers. He read from the preamble of the new constitution of his organization and stated the purpose of the Institute to be "to act with the people of America to make more abundant facilities for a more expressive life for all, engender a spirit of cooperation between all agencies related to our common cause, promote parks, gardens and recreation grounds and interpret their functions and relation to the people."

Major William A. Welch, of the Palisades Interstate Park Commission, speaking on "The Place of State and Interstate Parks in a National Recreation Policy," said, among other things of interest to all campers: "The parks which have been created in the east and in the west as well, that are at all accessible to the population during the last few years, have been swamped with the people who have gone to them. One park (Bear Mountain

Park, on the Hudson River north of New York) that has happened to be most visited in the last year, fifty miles from a city, was visited by almost 9,000,000 people, and six years ago there were only 350,000 there. Last year there were 90,000 children taken from the streets of New York and surrounding municipalities and put into camp for two weeks to eight weeks each in that park. The children had never before in their lives seen a blade of grass that did not have a fence around it and a sign 'Keep away.' ”

Mr. Otto T. Mallory, an authority on municipal playgrounds, said: “Last year 680 cities had playgrounds and community centers. 1125 workers were employed the year round in 281 cities, 79 communities reporting training classes for leaders with an enrollment of 3057 volunteer participants. I wish to note in passing that there is nothing of more importance in the recreation movement than adequate, trained leadership. A fact which has received considerable attention through the press is that 88 cities in 1923 reported municipal golf. Golf, always known as a rich man’s game, is being brought by more and more cities to the man and woman with the lean purse. A total of \$14,000,000 was spent by 616 cities for public recreation last year. 149 cities reported 336 outdoor swimming pools; 134 reported 261 public bathing

beaches. Summer camps were maintained by recreation authorities in 45 cities.

"I think you will agree that the progress made in public recreation has been very significant—indeed, remarkable. But the records show that as many as 433 cities of 8000 population or more have neither playgrounds nor recreation under leaders. Considering the cities down to 5000 population, the total reaches more than 850. We are all familiar with the amount of juvenile delinquency. The National Probation Association states that 200,000 children passed through the courts last year. You are also familiar with the crimes committed by the young bandits of today. Those recreations are needed which make for greater moral and physical stamina among the youth."

The Government still owns 700,000 square miles of public lands. Most of this vast domain is scenic in character and a significant part is covered with virgin forests. It is a precious possession, however appraised. And it does not include the Mount McKinley National Park in Alaska.

Yet of these 700,000 square miles our national park system comprises only 8,924 square miles—hardly an adequate reservation for a people who have it in their power to make greater provision for the future generations peopling our land. Moreover, in an area of 284,481 square miles of

national forest, the National Forest Service, with a congressional appropriation of only \$25,000 a year, maintains only 1500 public and roadside camps—one camp to every 187 square miles. One does not wonder, therefore, at the pertinent remarks of Robert Sterling Yard, Executive Secretary of the National Parks Association, during his address at the National Recreation Conference on "Scenic Resources of the United States."

There would seem to be a great opportunity before all camptained boys and girls, men and women, in the presence of this official apathy. Instead of maintaining nineteen national parks for the use, pleasure and increased health of coming generations, we should see to it that the number of parks is increased to fifty, or about one for each state in the Union. These parks will be in fact and serviceability the finest forms of natural history museums and wild-life sanctuaries. And just now, when all the nation is awakening to the importance of preserving such extraordinary natural resources for all time, when conferences of this character are summoning public and official interest to a prompter performance of duty, the campers of the entire country should encourage action and enforce realization of projects so racially valuable to the American people.

Says Mr. Yard: "Consider, for example, the recreational opportunities of the national forests.

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Are the sculptured highlands bordering the majestic Columbia, the enemy cones of Hood and St. Helena, the chasm lake of Chelan, the glorified Bad Lands of Missouri, the ragged heights of the Big Horn and the Sawteeth, the desert richness of Inspiration Range to pass unutilized and unsung because, perchance, they may not meet the strenuous conditions of national parkhood? So also the splendid resources of our other national holdings. Are the thousand recreational resources of the reclamation reservoirs, the Indian reservations and the 300,000 square miles of so-called public lands in nearly all the states west of the Mississippi to remain unadministered for the pleasure of the people for lack of fitting classification and a government establishment?

“Let us give all America a chance. Or rather, let us give all Americans a chance to know, to appreciate and to enjoy all America. A far-sighted President offers the nation the service of a distinguished official committee to plan this policy and calls into consultation with it the representatives of the people, in order that the planning shall be in the fullest sense national.

“Let us meet this fine and patriotic attitude of the President in a spirit equally fine and patriotic.”

The foregoing quotations from the Report of the National Recreation Conference indicate the substantial purpose behind all wholesome methods

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of employing the leisure coming to the American people as the result of and reward for this marvelously inventive age. Machinery has made the hours available for self-culture thrice as long as they were fifty years ago. Camp directors and the boys and girls who can appraise this beneficent heritage to mankind should join in the government's plans to promote its welfare and to avoid its menace.

Leisure will presently have its vexationists—those buzzing busybodies who agitate everything and achieve nothing. We shall perchance be told by their proposed laws when to get out of bed and when to get into it; when to take a hot bath and when to take a cold one. Some day there may be a national morning siren toot in Washington which, when heard at 6:00 a. m., will mean "All up and out!" And there may be a bugle blast of national tattoo and taps to send us scurrying to bed. Life has largely altered from a period of hectic liberty to a term of penal restraint. All sorts of crazy cacophonies are being heard through the affrighted land to caution one that the increase of leisure and the decrease of labor will at their present rate of divergent speed eventuate in the strangest, most grotesque conditions which human civilization has ever beheld.

If there is one condition above all others which American camps are insistently striving for and

producing, it is sanity—a social rationality in all directions, at all times and in all spheres of service or command. There are no “crazy cats” in a competently directed camp. The proper relation of leisure to labor, of work to play, is there rationally worked out and maintained. In the camp the problem of leisure vanishes in the coordinated activities of work and play each day. Camps have learned to recognize that leisure is either a constructive or a destructive opportunity; either a period of wholesome and progressive generation or one of malignant degeneration. And presently the whole nation will have to recognize these truths and address itself not only to an exasperating labor problem, but to that equally important social and economic problem—our expanding leisure.

In educating for the constructive employment of leisure, the hand needs training as much as the head needs instruction. What boots it if the inspirations of the head and heart cannot invoke the responsive service of skilled hands and an adequate physical man-power behind them. And skilled hands play an important part in the social and individual use of leisure:

“For by the way of the hand the mind still travels the enticing road to self-expression and self-fulfillment and to that most priceless sort of happiness which is poised upon itself.”

To be able to *do* things is the most gratifying and the most serviceable accomplishment of any in-

dividual, no matter what his or her station in life may be. To be helpless, and dependent on others, is in this efficient day and generation to be an object of either pity or contempt. It is the twin purpose of the American camp to teach its pupils to do, as well as to think how to do, a constructive thing of significance, value or utility. When a boy dreams of a radio set all his own one day and on the next discovers that with the practical aid of the manual training director of his camp he can actually create a set with his own eager, young hands, that boy, in the process of making what he craves to perfect and possess, is learning one of the biggest lessons in the life of boys and men. He is creating something out of himself with his own head and hands and discovering that where there is a will there is a way to any possession and to any goal on earth. The confidence, courage, initiative and self-reliance begot by that shop experience will, when translated into that immense human attribute called "resourcefulness," constitute the foundation of that boy's material prosperity in adult life. Nor is this all that will have become a vital part of a boy whose hands have been trained to do useful things. There is a social significance of leisure which thoughtful minds are already preparing to lead in a constructive and profitable direction.

We have the example of the New York Public Lecture Association, a body recruited from the

lecturers employed by the New York Board of Education, which is striving heroically in many ways to direct the employment of American leisure so that it will redound to the profit, the progress and the greater happiness of the American people. This progressive group of thinking men and women, under the inspiring leadership of Dr. Ernest L. Crandall, is performing a public service beyond price, and it is thirty-five years ahead of other cities. Its banner has emblazoned upon it: "New York's Way of Making Community Leisure Profitable." In its appeal to New York's Board of Estimate, it very aptly asked: "With the gang-spirit on the increase, with the whole world floundering in reaction from the exaltations of the war, with society high and low, adrift from its moorings and wandering uncharted seas, is it wise to cripple any part of the steering gear, is it safe to impair any part of the Educational System?"

For more than thirty years the New York Board of Education has maintained a Free Public Lecture system which, in its development, width and variety of subject matter, became known as "The People's University." Old and young came in great numbers to attend these free lectures, which among other purposes aimed to instruct the people in the profitable employment of their leisure. Certain of these lectures have now grown to be a popular community forum, while others remain instructive

forms of entertainment to the citizen of wide-awake interests.

Discussing the value to the citizen of leisure time, Dr. J. G. Carter Troop, the President of the New York Public Lecture Association, said: "No one disputes that leisure is a boon much coveted by toiling humanity. The economic struggle of the ages has been to reduce the hours of toil and to extend the hours of leisure. Even those who have watched this struggle most intently, however, have failed sometimes to realize the vital significance of the uses to which such added leisure might be put. * * * No better service could be rendered to society than to offer a salutary substitute, in the form of intellectual entertainment, for the cheap, inane, vicious and even brutalizing diversions which exist on every hand."

The leading men of the old and the new world are actively discussing the social as well as the economic effect of expanding leisure. Its privilege to the untrained masses becomes desirable only insofar as it is employed with intelligence and for a good purpose.

During the early part of the present year, Mr. Elihu Root, presiding at a meeting of the Classical League, held in New York City, at which Sir Frederick Kenyon was the guest, said many pertinent things of this new element in the recent life of practically all the people of America. He re-

ferred to the wide abuse of the leisure into which millions have newly come. In ancient times there was no leisure for the laborer. His untutored nature did not want it, except in rare instances. Labor was his bread and meat and happiness. He knew nothing of and cared less for the art of employing leisure for the higher purposes. His joy was in his work—like the smith “whose heart was set upon perfecting his works” and who had “the sound of the hammer ever in his ears.” So, too, the potter fashioning his clay. “In the handiwork of their crafts was their prayer, and each had the narrow wisdom of his own work. Without them a city could not be inhabited. They maintained the fabric of the world.”

Mr. Root added that there are millions of workmen with shorter hours and longer purses who do not know what to do with their leisure time. They no longer have the joy of “perfecting their works,” as did the ancient workmen, because in this age of machinery and vast coordinated fabricating and assembly systems, they each contribute only a fractional part of the manufactured article or add only a stroke in the process of making. He said that the best free use of the leisure which has come to the millions who are as yet trained almost entirely for work and nothing but work, is the *“most serious educational and social problem of today.”*

Machinery is giving the world more spare time, which is of questionable benefit if wasted on activities that help neither the individual nor the collectivity. "The real test of living is what the individual, especially the individual who can find no opportunity for self-expression in his day's work, does with his day's leisure." In the case of the rich, Mr. Root said, the children of thousands are "going to the devil" because they have not learned to make right wholesome use of their free time. "They have not learned to interest themselves in anything else than spending money."

Mr. Root concludes: "It is going to be a much more difficult task of our civilization to learn to use leisure wisely than it has been to learn to labor efficiently."

In the presence of a prospect such as Mr. Root and other thinking men and women describe, the American camp movement and all other agencies which seek to educate individuals for play instead of work and for that leisure which will be either a civic asset or a national calamity, become exceedingly important. Our social and economic life will be seriously affected by the leisure that is so abundantly coming to many who never had it before. How will they qualify themselves to deal with it wisely if not through these oncoming adjuncts of our educational system—the cultural camp, the private school, the vocational, art, manual training

and physical education schools, the arts and crafts schools and through numerous special outdoor activities heretofore interesting only to the few whose enterprise and industry led them to seek such special training?

One way of meeting the problems of this new leisure will be to broaden our educational system to meet these inevitable demands. There must be national recognition of leisure as either a blessing or a curse to the social body. As we have already stated, we need a University of Leisure as much as we need training for work. We already have many educational, avocational and recreational instrumentalities which can be geared to educate for leisure. Among them are those just mentioned. One of the best of them would be a perfected summer and winter camp, with city auxiliaries, where the theory and practice of progressive campcraft, vocational and avocational study and work could continue throughout the winter, fall and spring. A small number of eastern summer camps continue to carry on in the city during the closed camp season in their arts and crafts, manual training and other vocational departments. While this training goes on in or near a city, the camp pupils hike to nearby trail-camps, spend their week-ends there, keep their organizations together and in many pleasant social ways learn to do things which mean a higher self-qualification. Ob-

viously, however, such city organizations are practical only where a significant group of campers live in or near the same city. A number of progressive camp directors maintain such city organizations.

Mr. A. E. Hamilton, onetime director of Camp Timanous, Maine, frequently says and writes apt things of boy psychology and American camps. He kept his camp simple and rugged and romantic. He made his boys responsible personalities by a process of improved individual and collective camp duties. He did not pamper and coddle and nurse his bounding young charges. And he got into their hearts, fused with their souls, shared all conditions of the summer's life with them and showed them by precept and example what unyellowed human companionship really meant. So they loved him, as Dan Beard's boys love their old romantic chief, and as a hundred other camp directors we know are extravagantly worshipped by real camp boys and girls.

In his interesting monograph entitled "Camping vs. the Gang," Mr. Hamilton quotes his former chief, the late Dr. Luther H. Gulick, founder of the famous Sebago-Wohelo Camps, on Lake Sebago, and an inspiring leader to thousands of camp boys and girls. In his frequent meditations upon the life around his own camp-fires, Dr. Gulick used to say:

"There seems to be something almost magical in

the common things of life to draw people together. Doing those things which all the people of all the world have done together; experiencing the common feel of the earth under one's foot, the look of green trees, the touch of fresh water; cooking in the open; sleeping on the ground about a camp-fire; carrying the pack; standing the strain of the long trail—somehow human nature seems to come right to the top and look around under such conditions as these. You somehow don't need to become friends—you just are friends. It seems as if sham, insincerity, false courtesy and other pretenses are swept away by the sweat that pours from the body, and you and he stand before each other for what you really are. Under such conditions souls fuse."

Later Mr. Hamilton, Dr. Gulick's pupil and son-in-law, summed up the great opportunity of all genuine camp directors to solve the boy and girl problem and the problems of leisure, in the following words:

"Here, without the incubus of college entrance requirements, without the critical eye of a principal, without mossgrown traditions, handed-down curricula and ancient taboo, we of the new profession of Camp Directors are free to work out our part in a new educational experiment in America.

"Training of the will through *doing*, guiding a lad's feelings toward things wholesome and beautiful, helping the unfolding of emotions hardly touched in school, almost never inside the walls of

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a church and none too often in the homes of our city-born boys—that is our job. Home, church, school play their own appointed parts and sometimes play them well, but at best they leave untouched whole areas of possible mental, physical and spiritual experience which outdoor living together, under a positive impulse and plan, can bring.

“It is for us to guide will, feeling, imagination and emotion into the most constructive channels that the Great Outdoors affords, channels that, if I may borrow a phrase from the mother of Edward Bok, will enable us through our boys to ‘make the world a bit more beautiful and a better place because we have been in it.’ ”

From this time forward American camp directors who are camping for service to the youth of the nation more than for a financial self-service have a new, a civic cause to labor for in solving the problems of leisure. They can solve them by making their camps the laboratory of resourceful and efficient boyhood and girlhood. If they produce self-reliant, handy-fingered, thoughtful, physically fit boys and girls to go forth and lead the mob to employ its leisure sanely and profitably, they will have rendered a public service to the whole nation.

Since the foregoing was written, the Carnegie Corporation of New York has announced in the press (November 21, 1924) its intention to solve the problem of what the public shall do with its

leisure. The full text of its purpose is contained in the corporation's annual report for the year ending September 30, 1924. Mr. Frederick P. Keppel, its president, set forth in his report to the trustees of the corporation that "under modern conditions mankind at large is being provided with more and more leisure time. The question as to what shall be done with this new-found leisure is one of the most vital which faces the world today. * * * *." The corporation, which has control of more than \$140,000,000, has on its own initiative appealed widely for advice and suggestions. In some cases those most competent to advise are already organized. The American Council on Education, the American Library Association and the American Council of Learned Societies are promoting certain branches of the work. Mr. Morse A. Cartright, assistant to President Keppel, at the office of the corporation, 522 Fifth Avenue, New York, said that the plan would "undoubtedly embrace the arts, sciences, languages and possibly the drama."

The trustees of the corporation are James Bertram, Louise M. Carnegie, John J. Carty, Samuel Harden Church, Robert A. Franks, William J. Holland, Frederick P. Keppel, Russel C. Leffingwell, John C. Merriam, John A. Poynton, Henry S. Pritchett and Elihu Root.

It is unfortunate that such a financially endowed body as the Carnegie Corporation should omit, in

its intention to educate the public to employ its leisure wisely for the greatest good of the individual as well as the state, to recognize in its plans the importance of physical education as the very basis of a rational and enduring ethical culture. We have observed the error in other *quasi*-public bodies which seek to apply their benefactions in a sound and progressive manner. Race betterment, through physical education and all that it implies and promotes of corrective precept and example, does not seem to occur to those who appear to believe that the human mind and the humanities alone need benevolent aid and guidance. Human leisure will never be wisely employed collectively until physical education becomes the actual substructure of our higher culture.

CHAPTER III

THE SWIMMING, CANOE AND CAMPCRAFT CONFERENCE OF 1924

A Large Attendance at Camp Quinibek
—Counselors from Many States—Committees and Directors of the Conference
—Real Life-saving and Canoeing Tests
—We Meet Old Camp Friends—The Delights of Shanty Shane—Miss Dodge, Hostess of the Conference, Gracious and Ubiquitous—Some Leading Ladies Highly Appraised—The Horse-Power Work of Camp Girls—J. Halsey Gulick Runs Over a Ford—Canoe Bobbing—Everybody Should Be Taught to Swim—First Aid to the Lazy—Swimming a Major Camp Sport—The Campcraft Conference—The Canoeing Conference—Diploma Winners—Standards—Attending Counselors Disport in the "Nut Orchard."

Our attendance at the Swimming, Canoe and Campcraft Conference, at Camp Quinibek, Lake Fairlee, Vermont, from June 16 to 26, 1924, was an interesting preliminary of our long camp tour. These annual conferences were first organized by Professor F. W. Luehring, now of the University of Minnesota, six years ago. They have steadily grown in attendance and interest and are now (let us hope) permanent features of intensive camp counselor training.

J. Halsey Gulick, of Camps Sebago-Wohelo and Timanous (Maine), directed the Conference. The swimming staff consisted of Miss Leila M. Finan, of Camp Minne-Wawa and the Department of Physical Education, Barnard College—assistant to Professor Luehring and permanent emblem holder; Miss Meryl Hauser, of Highland Nature Camps and the Department of Physical Education, Barnard College, and permanent emblem holder; Mr. Barr Snively, of Highland Nature Camps and Princeton University, and permanent emblem holder; Mr. Albert Smith, of Camp Sebago-Wohelo; Mr. Wallace E. Hatch, of Camp Marbury; Miss Elizabeth Halsey, of Camp Quinibeck; Mrs. Mabel M. Lamprey, of Camp Anawan, and the holder of the permanent emblem.

The Canoeing Conference was directed by Miss Marjorie Camp, of the Department of Physical Education of Goucher College, winner of the Canoeing Cup, Boston School of Physical Education, and subsequently instructor in its camp, and a member of the Canoeing Committee of the Camp Directors Association. Miss Camp was assisted by Miss M. Elizabeth Bates of Camp Wabunaki, Miss Elizabeth L. Stockbridge and Miss Vera Myers, the latter of Highland Nature Camps.

The Campcraft Conference was directed by Albert Van S. Pulling, Professor of Forestry, University of Syracuse, and Chief of Staff of Camp Wawbewawa. He was assisted by Fay Welch, In-

structor in Forestry, Boy Scouts Camp, Palisade Interstate Park; Thomas Gardiner Corcoran, hiker, Winnetaska Canoeing Camps, former hut-master for the Appalachian Mountain Club.

Miss L. Juliette Meylan, of Camp Arcadia, was Executive Secretary of the Conference.

The Committee on Standardization of Swimming Activities for 1924 was Miss Anna Coale, Miss Eleanor Deming, Mrs. Charles Farnsworth, Miss Leila Finan, Professor F. W. Luchring, Dr. Gabriel Mason. The advisory members were Miss Meryl Hauser, Mr. Edward Kennedy, Mrs. Charles Lamprey, Miss Grace Thomas, Chairman. The Canoeing Committee was Miss Eleanor Deming, Chairman; Louis M. Fleisher, Mrs. H. D. Sleeper, Miss Emily H. Welch, Harvey C. Went. Advisory members were Miss Meryl Hauser, Miss Marjorie Camp.

The Campcraft Committee was Mrs. Blanche Carstens, Chairman; Dr. John B. May, Erving M. Fish and Ralph C. Hill.

Miss Anna Dodge, of Camp Quinibek, was general hostess to the Conference. The Swimming and Canoe tests were held at Camp Quinibek. The Campcraft demonstrations were held at Camp Big Pine, of which Dr. H. J. and Mrs. Wyckoff were, until recently, directors.

Some 80-odd counsellors from 40-odd camps attended the Conference and took one or more of the courses. The tests were thorough and im-

partial, and those who won their diplomas must have been conscious of their practical character.

We were struck by the fact that in actual life-saving efforts less real difficulty and danger would be encountered in average cases than the counselors successfully met and overcame in the tests to which the experts here subjected them. In other words, these tests were such as to qualify the successful candidate to meet all average conditions in life-saving cases.

It was a great pleasure to meet many old camp friends at this Conference before the camp season opened. Miss Dodge, of Camp Quinibek, and the beloved hostess of the Conference, graciously invited us to settle down at Quinibek, where the counselors and experts were staying, and where it would have been very pleasant to have "bunked." But we had already arranged for lodgings with our good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Clendenin, at Shanty Shane, a mile and a half farther west on the Lake Fairlee shore. Nothing could have been more comfortable nor more enchanting than Shanty Shane and its charming household. Moreover, our little log cabin was a poem—living room, bed-chamber, bath, closets, fireplace and porch, with windows to open and close all around. The new dining lodge was just being finished, and on the day of our departure (June 27) we had our first luncheon there with a goodly company of folk who had come to stay for the season. On previous days

the little early-bird group quartered at Shanty Shane had been dining in the wee white house on the hill, with hospitable Mrs. Clendenin presiding, and her daughter and Mrs. Thayer and Miss Harrison doing the heavy horse-power work in forty-odd departments of camp endeavor. They were a vivacious and altogether witty lot, atingle with the spirit of the refined, wholesome outdoor woman in full command of the—universe.

In this delightful adult camp, the recent product of Mr. Clendenin's rich experience as the builder of Camps Quinibeck and Passumpsic, life becomes a throb of constant delight. It is worth the price of admission to seven shows to look at and listen to Kay Smith Thayer in khaki breeches and bobbed hair. "Now there's a girl," chirped son Damon, "that I call a corker. She can do anything—on the ground, in the air, under water; nothing stumps her and she's always ready to go and come, serve and smile." I think Damon has very keen discernment of leading ladies. I hope he'll marry a camp-trained girl—one who can *do* things, whose rugged sympathies are begot in the open and whose smile makes the sun shine both night and day. Miss Harrison, the Shane's swimming counsellor, is another example of spirited camp-trained girl who can do things without groaning over her tasks. Work undertaken in the right spirit is always a joy. It is the spirit that either beautifies everything or makes it ugly.

The large group of counselors who had come from many distant parts to take the Conference tests and fortify their qualifications to teach campers the best American standards in swimming, canoeing and campcraft were an extraordinarily fine lot of young men and women. They were the country's best of the athletic counselor type. And here they were, intensively training for a period of ten days as enthusiastically as junior campers who know nothing of the arts of the organized camp. They were here to perfect their standards and to learn something more of effective methods of teaching the campers under their care in the camps to which they are attached. Notwithstanding that long and active camp experience which had made them head counselors in their camps, they had come many miles—from as far as Texas, North Carolina, Michigan and Minnesota—to perfect their swimming and canoe forms and to do what they were professionally doing in camps in the best possible manner. It was this willingness to learn, to work hard to improve, to try and try again in the face of repeated failure, that was so commendable in those who attended the Conference to improve their form. If it were not invidious to do so, we should like to name a number of counselors who worked like two-tailed beavers to gain greater proficiency in their swimming strokes or as divers for the experts' rank, or as life-savers and canoeists. The whole-hearted spirit and courageous attack

with which these accomplished campers undertook to get the utmost benefit from the Conference tests was a living assurance that every worthwhile camp in the country must improve under the leadership of such boys and girls.

We cannot refrain from bestowing a word of sincere praise upon the leaders of the Conference. Although J. Halsey Gulick had only three weeks before broken his clavicle in an automobile accident which confined him to a hospital, in plaster casts, he went right on directing activities despite a condition that would have kept a non-camper reclining on a perfumed couch. It must have been irksome at times for Halsey to stand on the dock in a plaster cast and brace from hips to neck and *tell* a pupil how to perfect a fancy dive when his impulse must have been to dive in and *show* how. Mr. Gulick's patience, his unflagging interest and kindly manner endeared him to every pupil and observer present. His talks on various camp practices at the Quinbeck Lodge were of great practical interest to all organized camps. They should be printed and made available to all campers.

The canoeing training course was held at the Quinbeck Junior Camp, about 1,000 feet west of the main Quinbeck dock, where the swimming and life-saving tests were held.

In the sphere of camp canoe activities, Miss Marjorie Camp, of Goucher College, Baltimore,

holds an enviable position—a prominence gained by rare excellence and wide achievement. If there is anything worthwhile about a canoe still unknown to this ardent canoe expert, it must be something hidden away in the paint.

Miss Camp's direction of the canoe tests and training was as thorough as it was practical. Her assistants, Miss L. Elizabeth Bates, Miss Elizabeth L. Stockbridge and Miss Vera Myers, are women of exceptional canoe ability, and their methods of teaching are easily comprehended and very effective.

Canoe tests afford observers a lot of fun, especially when a camper, clothed in camp costume, goes as bow paddler with a counselor, is tipped out unexpectedly in twenty feet of water, bobs up, grasps canoe, helps right it if overturned, then leisurely undresses in the water, tucks her land clothes safely into the canoe, then tows the canoe ashore or bales out and paddles it. This is often a very entertaining stunt and must be learned by every camper who aspires to paddle anywhere with the canoeing counselor.

Canoe bobbing is a fine sport. We witnessed some exceptional performances of it this summer in both eastern and western camps. In one instance a sturdy young man bobbed and steered his canoe across a lake half a mile wide and landed it exactly where he was directed to land, drank a quart of cool spring water for return ballast and

bobbed his canoe back to the camp dock—all without the use of the paddle he held as a balance staff.

The canoe, in our opinion, is at once the most enjoyable and the unsafest boat afloat. Yet every school boy or girl ought to be trained in its safe and proficient use, just as all boys and girls ought to be taught to swim as a part (and a very important part) of a school education. We certainly would not neglect to teach children to walk! There are times when walking and a lot of arithmetic and original spelling won't get you ashore! In this day the man under forty and the woman over twenty who cannot swim are hooted. They lacked enterprise at an age when they might have learned to swim. They should have had some "first aid to the lazy!"

Of the practical recorded results of the Lake Fairlee Conference, much might be written which, we believe, would inspire larger attendance each year. The diplomas granted by the Camp Directors Association for successful work at the Conference are a real asset in the affairs of all camp counselors. They are not obtained by favor; only by genuine achievement and tested qualifications. The boy and girl counselors who are in earnest in the pursuit of the counselor profession should by all means attend at least one of these conferences before habits of swimming, canoeing and campcraft are formed and erroneous systems of teaching developed.

In this respect we recall the case of a swimming counselor, a gentleman about forty, who attended this year's conference as the accredited counselor of a prominent Vermont camp. He was a fine, conservative, manly fellow who all his life had lived in and on the water. He was a practical seaman and he could probably swim from breakfast to bedtime without shedding a fin. You'll wonder why such a sea dog had come to a swimming conference to take lessons from young men with less than a third of his aquatic experience.

He came because he had more common sense than vanity, more understanding than training. He knew he couldn't teach *proper* methods of swimming, modern standards of water conduct under all conditions, without first forgetting his individual, his eccentric strokes and breathing. He realized that he must now learn to swim properly, as the art is now taught after a few hundred years of theorizing, experimentation and aquatic contests. So he very sensibly and (we are glad to say) very successfully attended the Conference, and learned the new methods of doing that old thing we call swimming. Taught in the new way, this counselor returned to his camp and imparted his newfound knowledge to the campers under his care.

We have asked Mr. J. Halsey Gulick, as the director of the Conference, to give us the benefit of his views on the permanent value of swimming:

SWIMMING—A MAJOR CAMP SPORT

BY J. HALSEY GULICK

*Expert Swimmer; Director, Camp Timanous;
Swimming Conference Director, etc.*

The tendency of the camps of today is to discourage strenuous competitive games. This is especially true of girls' camps. One reason for this is that all the campers have competitive games during the school year and the camp directors feel that they should offer activities which are different and more closely connected with camping. These are worthy reasons, but there is one which I feel is of greater importance. These competitive games do not form permanent habits of exercise; that is, habits which will outlive their camping days. It is true that the temporary results of competitive games, under proper supervision, are pleasing. The campers go home in good physical condition and are a source of joy to their parents; but what will these same campers do ten years hence, when they find that their friends are not playing these games? They will have to find some other exercise or follow the common and easier path of going without it.

We have all known some college man who, while in college, was considered an "all-around athlete" but who five years later had grown fat and flabby. He probably played football, wrestled, and rowed on the crew. After he had finished college all his practice and training in these sports were not only of no value but in reality a hindrance.

Where can the average business man find and practice these competitive sports? Nowhere in his sphere of activity. I do not say that all college athletes fall into this class; there are many who have learned to enjoy other sports. Some may have learned to enjoy a camp activity which they will keep up for the rest of their lives.

What sport is there, then, that will induce our campers to keep fit the rest of their lives, without the competitive element, and that really has a place in the camp program? The answer is: Swimming. This is truly "campy," may be participated in by old and young with any degree of exercise desired, from swimming long, strenuous races to floating leisurely in the water. It is almost always available in the summer, and pools for winter swimming are becoming more and more numerous. There is no end of possibilities in it. No swimmer will ever learn all the stunts and strokes in the water, nor all the dives from the springboard and tower. It is a sport for the weak as well as for the strong, and they may enjoy it together.

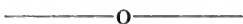
The benefits of swimming are well known to only a few. In swimming one stroke daily for a reasonable distance, we can do more in developing correct posture, deep breathing and strengthening of muscles than we could hope for in a combination of many gymnastic exercises. Diving has all the benefits of tumbling in the gymnasium; but it may be enjoyed by more than the expert, which is not true of tumbling. It is far better to get a little

sting from a flat dive than a broken rib from falling on a hard gym mat.

There is one important reason for advocating swimming which I have not mentioned, and that is its life-saving value. A few years ago drowning accidents were common in our camps. It was hurting the entire camp movement. Now such accidents seldom occur. The teaching of swimming and life-saving is not only preventing loss of life, but it has given parents confidence in qualified camps.

SWIMMING COUNSELLOR

A competent swimming counsellor should take charge of all water sports and be responsible for the safety of the campers, counsellors and visitors when they are in the water, whether they are there by permission or not. With the cooperation of the director, the swimming counsellor should make rules regarding the swimming period and the use of boats, in order to insure safety; encourage swimming in many ways, among others by supplying graded tests for the campers to pass, giving them visible credit on charts for the work they have done; organize water carnivals, meets and games; arouse the enthusiasm and confidence of beginners. The counsellor should aim to make every camper a swimmer before the camp season is over.



Professor Pulling and his associates made the Campercraft Conference at Camp Big Pine a very instructive and pleasurable meeting. This is what Professor Pulling has written about it:

THE CAMPCRAFT CONFERENCE

BY ALBERT VAN SICLEN PULLING

*Director at the Conference and Chief-of-Staff at
Camp Warbewawa*

From June 17 to 24, 1924, the second Campcraft Conference was held. We were the guests of Dr. and Mrs. Wyckoff at Camp Big Pine on Fairlee Lake. The location was admirable, being within ten minutes' paddle of Quinibeck, and giving us a chance to cooperate, where necessary, with the swimming and canoeing conferences. The Staff was not very familiar with the country, and this would have been cause for some embarrassment but for Dr. Wyckoff, who was always ready to act as guide.

Mrs. Carstens, Chairman of the Campcraft Committee, took care of all the financial and secretarial details and handled all non-technical administration. The Staff appreciated this very much and were unanimous in hoping that the Committee Chairman would be present at any future conferences with which they might be associated.

My Staff associates were Tom Corcoran, hike-master at the Winnetaska Canoeing Camps, and Fay Welch, Director of the Boy Scout Camps at Tuxedo Park. Tom was in charge of the cooking—perhaps the most important conference detail. As a former hutmaster of the Appalachian Mountain Club, he also gave the Conference some useful kinks and systems of White Mountain travel. We might add that, in addition to being a cook, packer and Presidential Range expert, Mr. Cor-

coran is a musician and a man of brains. Anyone who knows him will vouch for the music. One argument for the brains is that he got two degrees from Brown at the age of 21, besides making Phi Beta Kappa. Incidentally, he is now first man in the class of 1925 at Harvard Law School. Brains are necessary in cooking!

Fay Welch is a graduate of the New York State College of Forestry, the son of an Adirondack guide and an ex-guide himself. He took care of the fire instruction and trail work, explained compass work and assisted in all the other activities.

I am using much of my space to describe the administrative and technical personnel. But this is essential. The personnel in charge make or break *any* conference. But the Staff, efficient as I hope it was, could not have been successful but for the very intelligent and diligent application given the work by all of the 23 students at the Conference.

It may be inferred from the above that the Conference was successful. I assume it from the general attitude of those that attended and from comments received during the summer. But the Camp Directors Association, the Committee and Staff have no reason for special pride, for the surface has not yet been dented. This is the fourth and last Conference to be organized, and is by far the most difficult. The man or woman in charge of trips should be an expert hiker, packer, canoeist. He would know a lot about woods-cooking and dietetics, first aid, sanitation, and so on. He should

be skilful with the ax, knife and whetstone. He must know a lot about fires and fuel. Emergency repairs to all sorts of equipment are often essential. Tents must be selected and properly pitched. Beds must be made, and a hundred and one unforeseen details must constantly be looked after. Last, but not least, the girls or boys should be led and shown how by the hiking counsellor, instead of acting as a guide and doing it all himself.

Knowing these facts, I have many qualms over taking the responsibility for *teaching* the *teachers* of all these things. The only comfort is that one can but do his best until someone better is available.

We were satisfied with the size of the Conference. It was, however, too unwieldy for ideal overnight trips. It must be split if it becomes larger. We were satisfied with the spirit and intellect and all-around sportiness of the Campcrafters. But we are not satisfied with their elementary knowledge. It takes many years to make a woodsman. Most swimming counsellors are expert swimmers; most nature study teachers go to a conference to confer, not to learn; but to a certain extent the canoeists, and to a *great extent*, the Campcrafters go to a conference with no basic knowledge at all. And they must put the camp in camping more than anyone else, if real camping is desired—not a bit of Central Park off in the big woods.

A number of organized camps started in on drawingroom principles. Their directors rarely knew anything about taking care of themselves in

the woods. And once they started being directors, they never have had and never will have time to learn. Camps have done much, but only a small fraction of the available woods knowledge has been used. The Campcraft Conference is to teach campers to be safe and comfortable and efficient in the woods, on the river and on the trail. It is to help them depend on themselves, to stand on their own hind legs. It is to teach them some of the things our pioneer ancestors learned as soon as they could toddle. Now, no one wants to be a pioneer ancestor, but maybe this training will help toughen the fibers, broaden the viewpoint and increase the independence of those who are fortunate enough to go to camp and be even slightly exposed to some real woods lore.

Miss Marjorie Camp, in explaining the Canoeing Conference, said:

"The Paddling Conference was initiated in 1923 to make it possible for camp directors to get councillors of known ability, and for councillors to become acquainted with the standards proposed by the Canoeing Committee of the Camp Directors Association, to aid in working over those standards by discussion and suggestion and practical testing out, to receive technical instruction and help in organization and choice of material.

"The program was arranged to make it possible for those attending both Swimming and Paddling Conferences to get a half day of each. There were both morning and afternoon lecture periods and practice, at the landing dock in crews of four,

parade formation and in the war canoe. On rainy days the time was given to analysis of strokes, teaching land drill, discussion and written tests. Those who spent all their time on paddling were put in a third group who received more coaching and extra practice and practice teaching. The individuals were of such varying ability and experience that they were necessarily subdivided, and demonstration, coaching, practice and tests were going on simultaneously. Dr. Pulling came over with the Campcraft group three evenings and gave excellent talks on strokes, position in canoe and mending.

“The camps represented at the Canoeing Conference were:

Camps Quinibeck, Oneka, Kineowatha, Waziyatah, Sebago-Wohelo, Pinecliffe, Highland Nature, Awanee, Allegro, Wanalda, Aloha, Cowasset, Accomac, Coheschee, Aloha Hive, Big Pine, Marble Collegiate Church Camp, Walden, Hanoun Camps, Woodmere and Lochearn.

“Diplomas for Head Councillor were awarded the last night to seven councillors. Several others were eligible with the exception of the Senior Life-saving test.

“What was accomplished was made possible by the unfailing help of Miss Dodge, the cooperation of Mr. Gulick and Dr. Pulling, the constant and untiring efforts of the Staff and the councillors.”

It may be of interest to read the C. D. A. quali-

fying tests of head canoeing counselors in organized camps. They follow:

CLASS AA

TEST FOR HEAD CANOEING COUNSELOR

Prerequisites

1. Doctor's certificate testifying that candidate is organically sound is required.
2. Candidate must be a Senior Life Saver.
3. Know and demonstrate contents of Classes A, B and C.

Theoretical and Practical Paddling Test

1. Row well one hundred yards, turn around buoy, radius five feet, turn and row back.
2. Dump tandem, direct climbing in.
3. Teach changing places in canoe (four in canoe).
4. Demonstrate teaching of land drill of strokes:

Bow: a—Straight paddling

b—Back

c—Pull-to

d—Diagonal pull-to

e—Push over

f—Diagonal push over

g—Cross bow

h—Sculling

i—Draw

Stern: a—Trip or J

b—Half moon or circle

c—Banking

THE CONFERENCE OF 1924

5. Single paddle alone
 - a—Warping
 - b—Landings:
 - Dock—1. Longside
 2. Oblique
 3. Head on
 - Beach—
6. Paddle a canoe tandem in fair weather, one quarter mile and return, keeping within a fifty yard course.
7. Methods of handling a capsized canoe:
 - a—Splashing
 - b—Paddling when awash
 - c—TowingKnow all three and demonstrate one.
8. Demonstrate ability to control canoe in wind and rough water.

To those who pass the foregoing tests a diploma is issued, signed by the President of the Camp Directors Association and the Director of Intensive Training Courses and Chief Examiner. The canoeing counselor's diploma sets forth the foregoing tests in detail and certifies that they have been satisfactorily performed by the candidate.

DIPLOMA WINNERS AT THE 1924 SWIMMING AND CANOE CONFERENCE, CAMP QUINIBECK, LAKE FAIRLEE, VERMONT.

Hope Allen, Luther Gulick Camps; Madeline Blumenstock, Highland Nature Camp; Charlotte

Bonney, Camp Awanee; Hanna L. Buzby, Camp Quinibek; Dorothea Griffin, Luther Gulick Camps; Hester Gleason, Camp Kineowatha; Grace R. Dickinson, Camp Quinibek; Frances Dennet, Camp Walden; Isabel Kelly, Camp Quinibek; Agnes Lumbard, Camp Arey; Elizabeth Metzgar, Camp Hanoum; Ralph Lum, Jr., Camp Hanoum; G. Kathryn Norris, Camp Quinibek; Bertram Smith, Luther Gulick Camps; A. Barr Snively, Highland Nature Camp; George K. Sanborn, Camp Cockermouth; Jane Shurmer, Luther Gulick Camps; Paul Matteson, Camp Aloha; J. Carlisle Snively, Highland Nature Camp; Celene Rowe, Luther Gulick Camps; Marjorie Evans Smith, Camp Lochearn; Alice H. White, Highland Nature; Helen Ferguson, no camp stated; Adelaide Ewing, Driggs Sheridan Camp; Helen Margaret Lea, Camp Wanalda; Marian Dawley, Camp Winnetaska; Elizabeth G. Chase, Camp Walden; Elise M. Nelsen, Camp Anawan; Elizabeth Stockbridge, Camp Miramichi; Virginia Roth, Camp Aloha; Elizabeth Halsey, Camp Quinibek; Dorothy Clark, Camp Awanee; Ethel Clapp, no camp stated; Stephen Cleaves, Tarleton Club; Elizabeth Hastie, Marble Collegiate Camp; Elizabeth Lovell, Luther Gulick Camps; Natalie C. Priest, Camp Lochearn; Mary Wyckoff, Camp Big Pine; Ruth Wood, Camp Accomac; Arthur Taylor, Camp Wawbewawa; Geraldine Slade Brock, Camp Oneka; Katherine McCarthy, Camp Songo; Mar-

jorie Maugham, Camp Arey; Margaret Grout, Camp Serrana; Barbara Gold Frost, Camp Hanoum; Hazel Sayre, Camp Kinowatha; Katherine Bauer, Forest Vale Camp; Ethel F. Fenn, Moss Lake Camp; Molly Radford, Chambers Island Camp; Thomas S. Whitman, Camp Passumpsic; Fred Hill, Jr., Camp Lanakila; Cicely V. Horner, Camp Billings; John B. Edgar, Ragged Mt. Camp; Eleanor Lasell, Camp Pine Cliff; Dorothy A. Brackett, Camp Allegro.

The counselors had a lot of fun at the Conference. A play entitled "The Nut Orchard," directed by Mollie Radford, of Chambers Island Camp, Wisconsin, was very enjoyable. There was dancing at Quinbeck in the evening after the day's work. Some good music, occasionally, enlivened an hour. Miss Dodge, the hostess, and Mrs. Bryant, were everywhere, apparently, making everybody comfortable and happy. The ten days were well spent in the interest of an improved campcraft.

CHAPTER IV

ADIRONDACK, CATSKILL AND POCONO MOUNTAIN CAMPS

We Visit 80 Mountain Camps—Wherein They Differ from New England Camps—The Cradle of the Camp Movement—Splendid Camp Opportunities in the Adirondacks—A Land of Adventure and Romance, Peaks, Plains and Trails—Forest Guide Type of Woodsy Camps—The Essential Life is Simple Living—The Pocono Mountains an Active Camp-land—Civilization Enjoying the Wilderness—Fine Pocono Camps, Very Accessible—Choosing a Camp an Individual Problem—Several Words to Parents about Children—Children as Facts, Not Toys of Parental Emotion—Parents Also are Facts, Sometimes Bald Ones—The Spiritual Identity of the Child—The Apron-string Child—Children are the Family, not its Annex—A Child once in Camp should not be Telephoned to Twice a Day about Warm Feet and a Dry Beak.

We visited 58 camps in the state of New York and 22 in Pennsylvania; these 80 camps representing the outdoor organizations directly on our trail through the Adirondack, Catskill and Pocono Mountains. There are other good camps in these regions; but it was impossible to visit them this year.

In our "Camp Trail Gossip" chapter, these

MOUNTAIN CAMPS

camps are referred to in practically the order in which we came upon them. It does not appear to be necessary or desirable to deal with them specifically here. However, as groups, these mountain camps present aspects which distinguish them not only from each other, but from the New England and the western camp groups.

Our New England camps, and more particularly those which have become firmly established and whose policies and practices are more or less permanently fixed, differ somewhat from all the other groups west of them. But it is not an easy matter to define the difference by unstrained comparisons which, by their very nature, would have to admit significant exceptions.

South of the Moosehead and Rangeley lakes country in Maine, the New England camps prevail, in territory which for many years has been subject to the restraining touch of civilization, a touch which at one time is disturbing to, and at another promotive of, the organized camp purpose.

For instance, in the New England states forest fires have not dealt so harshly with great wilderness areas and made them stark, gaunt and uninteresting, as certain western burnt-over areas have been rendered; areas which camps generally avoid. There is not much black water in New England lakes, brooks and rivers. The tamarack tree, a formidable water dyer, is not so prevalent there. Distances between New England camps are much

shorter. The camp population in New England is denser than in any other region on this continent. There are more old and more new camps there. The New England camps are generally within a few miles of the main-traveled arterial eastern highways and therefore easily accessible by automobile and train. In these generally older New England camp organizations—some of which are, in fact, pioneers in American camping—both management and practice are deliberately based upon a definite theory of individual camp direction. The New England camps have up to the present time, also, largely evoked that camp literature which has inspired and informed the camp movement everywhere, here and abroad. Also, there is an orderly conservatism in our New England camps which distinguishes them from the rugged and adventurous spirit and excursions of some of the western boys' camps. Not that New England boys' camps lack the spirit of adventure—they have it in abundance. But they must necessarily exercise it only in New England where civilization *sometimes* limits its wilderness freedom. In the greater distances and sparser village life of the west, civilization is shy of forest depths and a hundred square miles of springs, lakes, brooks, rivers and mountain torrents. It is, therefore, merely a matter of geographic adjustment—this intangible difference between our New England and our western camps.

MOUNTAIN CAMPS

The Adirondack Mountain region is worthy of a greater camp life, both summer and winter. Its accessibility to the larger cities in New York State and eastern Canada should make it an ideal eastern camping ground, not so much because of its accessibility, however, as on account of its natural adaptability to organized camp activities. The canoe cruising and mountain-climbing opportunities alone, to say nothing of its flora and fauna, its fishing and shooting, its historic and romantic trails and sporadic grandeur have always, since the later days of dear old Adirondack Murray, seemed to us as the camper's enchanted land. For sheer romantic adventure of, let us say, the Fenimore Cooper type of thrilling boy tale, no region on this continent compares with northern New York State. It is a land of infinite variety, of plains and peaks, cascades and canal reaches, trout pools and riffles; of delicate pastel springs and gold, red and purple autumns. Eagles nest in its remotest crags; the hermit thrush holds its lovesong vespers in its hazel-bush, and woodcocks bore for flesh in the sere grass of its meadows. To the boys and girls, men and women, whose lungs make nectar of the rarified mountain air, the Adirondacks are almost adequate recompense for the life complexities of our large eastern cities, their unrelenting communion of the human brain and pulse. Our trail through this region last summer fortified our conviction that the time will soon come when the people of all the east-

ern states will discover the Adirondack Mountains as a recreational playground of vast, practical, educational and physiological interest.

The established camps of the Adirondack region are a good, all-round group. There are those which have a progressive spirit and those which have nothing to justify their existence—a condition that prevails elsewhere in campland. They are, by and large, woodsy camps, with little or no tendency to imitate summer resorts and damnocratic boarding bedlams. As a group, their physical structures are much simpler in design than in New England and certain parts of the west. By their rough and rustic character they seem to express the forest guide's ideal of a wilderness camp—what it should and should not be in the lowland tall timber and on the lofty mountain pass. This simplicity often makes a winning appeal to the fist-hardened fathers of desirable camp boys and girls.

(The people of Pennsylvania—that remarkably picturesque state of natural beauty, charm and agricultural utility—are exceedingly hospitable. The home as a haven of rest and domestic tranquillity is still intact in many parts of the Keystone State. The presence of those who were once Holland Dutch is still manifest in some of its fertile valleys. These great productive regions are still being tilled by the sturdiest and most skilful farm-

MOUNTAIN CAMPS

ers in the east. The small, red-brick house and the large barn, the clean-cropped fields and uncluttered fences and walls, the black-belted and Holstein cattle, the Morgan horses and modern farm machinery and implements all denote the conservative farmer permanently planted upon the estates of his Old World ancestors, those hardy men and women from Holland who settled in Pennsylvania and became known as our Pennsylvania Dutch.

✓ The Perkiomen Valley is an instance of these thrifty Dutch farms, of the prosperity of the Calvinistic faith; also at one time of the Dort Bible, a Dutch translation authorized by the Rump Synod of Dort in 1618-1619, a little but determined band of eighty-odd Protestant divines whose passion was to suppress the doctrines of Arminius and affirm those of Calvin.

North of this quiet, pleasant region of sheer industry lies a Pennsylvania playground famous throughout the east. There the summer is a season of much animation. New York, Philadelphia and other large cities contribute generously to its recreative life. It is known as the Pocono Mountains. It is the site of several reaches of the popular Lackawanna Trail. And there are many boys', girls' and adults' camps in this very accessible resort region.

The Pocono camps, of which we visited 22 last summer, are, on the whole, different from the New England camps and the Adirondack and Catskill

camps. But it is a difference of environment more than of camp practice and management. The accessibility by motor and railroad impart to the so-called Poconos, conveniences which many Pennsylvania and New York campers like.

There are many camps in the Poconos which hold their own adequate lake properties in fee. Such camps are fortunate in a region of scarce lake fronts. Even where directors have had to pay \$6.00 per camper per season for the use of a lake, the well conducted camp has grown as rapidly in the Poconos as elsewhere. And there are Pocono camps whose sites are as fine as any east or west and whose registrations and management are unexcelled. To those, therefore, who desire a nearby and accessible camp, the Pocono Mountains and Berkshire Hills afford a wide choice of well conducted outdoor organizations.

In the "Camp Trail Gossip" chapter we take the reader briefly over the Adirondack, Catskill and Pocono trail and let him observe the superficial aspect of our experiences from day to day. Before the trail's end he will have learned that camps are as unlike as personalities; that there is no "best camp region" anywhere; that what is a desirable camping ground for Jones would cause Smith to tear his hair out and make Brown gasp for the soft comfort of his adiposity. A camp, like a home, is a problem in social and physical dynamics. One must choose it for individual reasons, for what

the camper seeks and for what the camp will impart to him in health, culture, happiness and life's enlargement. If we were asked by a parent to recommend a camp for a boy of any age, we should ask that parent a lot of questions about the boy and what the parent aimed to add to that boy by camp-training, before we selected from our camp honor roll the camp we felt would yield that boy the greatest increment in character and mental and moral training.

Right here it seems pertinent to say something to parents—something that may give them a sense of *detached* parental responsibility toward their children. We too often make of our children *the toys of parental emotions!* We fail to see the child as a *fact*. We seem to regard it as a play-thing, the object and the vent of our milder hysteria and barometric affection. We regard the child as first of all existing for *our* pleasure, the sport and caprice of *our* emotions, as the God-given source of *our* happiness.

Recently and elsewhere we said:

"The most difficult truth for parents to grasp is that their boys and girls are *facts*. The next, on which they miss a tailholt, is that parents themselves are facts—often bald ones. Life's conditions are also facts. Wearing rosy blinders does not alter or dispel them.

"Most of us have keen eyesight when we look *at* others—blind when we look *at* ourselves. How

different our conclusions if we only looked *into* others, *into* ourselves. We would then see that human faults are about equally distributed all around; that at least Nature did not overlook *us*.

"Every boy and girl is a vibrant bundle of fibre, faults and follies, and something that is finer—something spiritual and beyond your perception and mine; something only God knows all about. And parents, in tune with a life of fact, yet with spiritual insight, will encourage the ultimate expression of what is divine in the nature of their children, by their rational and inspirational guidance away, far away from the moil and mechanics of the mine, the mint and the market-place. They will rear them in the private school and the summer camp—the body and soul of our national educational system, open to all who seek the *facts of life*.

"‘Suffer little children to come unto me.’ That is the song and the whisper of every forest tree. It is the call of Nature to our boys and girls in this febrile post-war hour. The animal life and spirit of our children are the *fact* that camp guidance and training will translate into its spiritual identity, into strong, noble, self-reliant and progressive manhood and womanhood, and we must wisely recognize and utilize that physical spirit as a child asset and a child force.

"The nation, lately so impoverished in great personalities, will not go forward in the full measure of its opportunity unless parents direct their children into the channels of forceful leadership.

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And the human herd needs leadership now more than ever in the history of civilization.

“In our schools and cultural camps we can render the bald facts of childlife into the beautiful facts of a superior citizenship, a high-tensioned class of men and women of greater poise and power. And it is to the summer camp of adequate qualification that every American boy and girl should be privileged to go for the fundamentals of self-help, service and all-round proficiency.”

To the parent who ties its child to an apron string, we commend the foregoing quotation from ourself. To the parent who selfishly detains a child at home to force upon it unwelcome, irksome, often harmful attentions of affection and mamamooching, we commend what the foregoing words imply. To the fond mother who telephones her child's camp four times a day to ask if its feet are warm and its tummy free from colic, we recommend a—club.

Children do not exist for the exclusive pleasure of their parents. They exist for purposes higher, more serious than the emotional, over-solicitous parent sometimes conceives. We are often led to believe that God only *lends* us our children—lest we forget life's nobler spirit; lest we forget His word in the hearts of little children.

Every developing opportunity we deny our children in order to enslave them in our arms is a denial of their right to an individual life. They

are not the annex of the family. They *are* the family—in its profoundest sense. Abolish the apron string, the tyranny of emotion, the unreasoning selfishness that denies childhood a square deal! The truly enlightened parent of this disturbed day is the parent whose service to the child reckes not the cost to the fond parental heart. Some of us have bravely had to break our hearts in the service of our children. That is the part of parental valor and the only way to meet the heartbreaking duty of qualifying children for their responsible lives instead of caging them for our inconsiderate adoration.

So when you entrust your child to a qualified school or camp, don't limit its opportunities there nor dwarf its development by worrying it and it's mentor with foolish questionings about warm feet and a dry beak!

CHAPTER V

THE CAMP TRAIL GOSSIP

Human Incidents Along the Trail—We Meet New England Friends Again—Nature Around Lake Fairlee—We Look in at Many Camps—Our Trail Companion, Jupiter Pluvius—Skidding Along the Iroquois Trail—Warm Welcome and Hot Lunch at Pok-O-Moonshine—A Cookoo Cook—How We Crossed Champlain—An All-Language Library Without Words—Good Camp Idea—Adirondack Wolves—The Dinner we Didn't Get—Camps Ahmo and Wilderness Mounted—Densest New York Camp Region—Some Rain and a Flea at Camp Chipewawa?—The Beauties of Luzerne—The Otsego Lake Camps—Joys at Pathfinders' Lodge—The Mills Adirondack Camp—Dr. Kyle's Carrier Pigeons—Camp Wake Robin's Nature Work—Pocono Mountain Camps—Oneka, the Beautiful—Camp Lenape's Indian Chief—The Beloved Mistress of Pine Tree Camp—Dan Beard's Unique Camp—Camp Anthony Wayne—Rhododendrons at Paupac Lake Camp—A Montessori School Camp for Tots—Judge George W. Maxey, Nature Lover—Chautauqua Lake Singing Camp—We Sail for the West.

My fellow campers may wish to view some of the sidelights of the long camp tour, some of the

little human incidents which, while they do not amount to adventure, are, nevertheless, often colorful and briefly entertaining. In last year's book the Camp Gossip chapter qualified for a permanent niche in The Red Book Magazine's camp series—if other gossips are to be believed; and they are—sometimes. Moreover, we have a lot of sore spots to heal and a lot of chuckles to emit, and, if we may presume to name it so, a literary wastebasket is sometimes a patient depository of one's inmost feelings.

Naturally, a person who loves life as we do meets some very interesting people the world over. At Lake Fairlee we beheld the marvelous scenery with renewed rapture. We drove down from Shanty Shane to Camp Neshobe and greeted Mr. and Mrs. Osgood and kodaked their newest cabins, the model of which we approve and commend to other camps. On that beautiful Neshobe hill one cannot think of the creaking mechanism of life. There life seems like a perpetual chorus of Nature's varied voices, shot over with gilt sunrays and dappled with gray and purple shadows where the trees croon in the breeze and scurling clouds sail proudly into the intangible glory of the sky.

And Camp Lochearn nearby, with its tall pine veterans of the forest shadowing the point that juts into the lake, was still as quiet as a midsummer day in Iceland, for its camp season had not yet opened. A few days later, Camps Wyoda, Bil-

lings, Big Pine, Passumpsic and Aloha Hive on the other side of Lake Fairlee were receiving and organizing their counselors; giving them banquets, inspirational talks about camp practice and policies and generally accelerating their social organization. These receptions of camp counselors from widely scattered parts of the country are a commendable furtherance of camp psychology. When counselors, strangers to each other, come together at a camp for a common purpose, it is of the highest importance to organize and inspire them; to socially gear them into general cooperation, to entertain their predilection for each other and to surcharge them with a vigorous camp spirit; a spirit that will mean real leadership of the camper body and the sustension of sound ideals in every department of the camp. There should be immediate coordination all along the front and steadfast business supervision all around the rear, even where the fierce cook frightens the pits out of the cherry pie.

Of course, no loyal friend of New England campers would visit Lake Fairlee without calling at the camps on Lake Morey, nearby. So, after disturbing things at Fairlee we drove around Morey and again met the mistress of Aloha, with whom we had discussed a succulent pullet wing at Professor Pulling's campcraft dinner the previous Sunday. Mrs. Gulick was as busy as nature itself, preparing for her counselors' banquet that night; so we sen-

sibly interrupted her a little less than twenty-two seconds and sped on to that lively young boys' camp, Lanakila, directed by Mrs. Gulick's enterprising son-in-law, Mr. C. P. Hulbert, and his charming wife. It was at Lanakila that the manual training and swimming counselor last year built a beautiful, large, fearsome boat that formed the chief spectacle of the Aloha-Lanakila pageant. There were terrible pirates aboard when this be-deviled craft sailed into the midst of a group of swimming Aloha sirens and mermaids and carried a bunch of them off to strange wild caves in the Land o' Ballygoohoo. That land is probably somewhere back of Colonel Dickey's beautiful, socially active camp, "Wynona," also on the shore of Lake Morey, near the first hole of the golf course and almost as near Professor Louis Shullenberg's riding academy, a "Wynona" institution of thoroughbred horses, men and women. And when you see proud Professor Shullenberg drill his camp riding classes and hear his stentorian commands above the din of this overaudible world, you observe a little, round, ruddy-faced man of Teutonic military bearing telling all the universe where it gets off. It is such awful *donner und blitzen* as to make the horses yoomp and the girls astride of them wish the professor were less like the Twentieth Century Limited between New York and Chicago. But Camp Wynona and the Lake Morey Club wouldn't have their affable, peppy professor drowned for anything

in the world. He is picturesque, cordial and attractive. What more can you insist upon having in one pair of yellow riding breeches, a pair of tan boots and a blonde helmet? Professor Louis Shulenberg is completely enough, and Camp Wynona girls are good horsewomen.

Leaving Morey to enjoy itself, we drove north, past Pike and beautiful Lakes Tarleton and Katherine, sites of the famous Tarleton Club, and a number of fine camps; among them, the Aloha Club for older girls and Aloha alumni, and Camp Tahoma, Miss Anna Worthington Coale's attractive girls' camp; Camp Serrana, and beyond these, up in the Mount Moosilauke country we waved our greeting to Dr. C. W. Prettyman's Camp Moosilauke and the Fauver brothers' virile boys' camp, Pemigewasset. On towards Burlington the car developed a little summer complaint (it being early summer, anyway), and we had to treat it rough in our dirty overalls and with toolbox persuaders. That night we landed in the twin beds of a pair of Canadian murderers; but that is another story, printed elsewhere in this book.

Our visit to famous old Camp Dudley, at Westport, New York, one of the finest Y. M. C. A. camps in the east, was a very delightful experience. The camp had but recently opened and boys were still arriving—very fortunate boys to come under the direction and influence of Mr. H. C. Beckman and his "Y" associates. Mr. Beckman

is one of the leading camp directors in America, with twenty-eight years' experience, twenty-one of which as director of Camp Dudley.

This camp and the other fine private camps we have visited are saving the race, imparting to boy-life a transcendent purpose and beauty; generating a higher Americanism than the untrained boy ever conceives, and making the practical and spiritual world of "Y" and other camp boys and men the realization of a sane, progressive, healthy and upright citizenship.

The Adirondack Camp at Glenburnie, New York, is another fine boys' camp in perfect condition and good camp spirit. It was founded in 1904 and for many years conducted by Dr. Elias J. Brown, whose constructive camp work is well known to camp directors. His widow is now carrying on the camp under the efficient management of Mr. R. T. Johnston, of Montclair, New Jersey, whose wide camp experience has full play here. We have seldom seen a camp in better condition. Its sports field is exceptionally fine; discipline of the highest. The site is one of the best in the east. Adirondack Camp boys are fortunate.

It is the old Iroquois Trail one motors over from Lake George to the Canadian border, and along and near this well-conditioned road there are a goodly number of camps. Among them is that romantic old camp with its nineteen years of boy-building endeavor, Camp Pok-O-Moonshine, near

Willsborough. The camp is on a charming site between two lakes. Dr. and Mrs. C. A. Robinson are always hospitable and gave us a warm welcome and a hot luncheon. Here one must not forget the cook, who is a cookoo, all right. His loyalty to Pok-O-Moonshine is a local tradition, for he seems to have been its culinary czar through all these years. There are other colored folk, too, whose imperious background sway has not relented once in all that time. The whole camp is one of family solidarity, with a group of cultured personalities carrying on the work of rearing American boys with a social conscience, natures of resourceful vigor and alumni who go out to lead wherever they labor. Some day we are going to walk from New York to Pok-O-Moonshine, take a swim, paint a sketch of the back pond, and pray with its genial cook for cawn pone and other breakfast "vittles." Then we will hike over to the Peekskill Military Academy, where Dr. Robinson is the principal, and smack our lips with gratitude. And we shall have hiked nearly 400 miles; but no matter. The true hiker never counts the miles. He counts the stars by night and the birds, the trees, the clouds and the flowers by day; and when the hazy twilight dims his trail, he scents the volatile distillations of the forest, builds his little fire beside a brook and wafts a smoke signal of peace to the sky.

A few miles south of Plattsburg we desired to cross Lake Champlain to visit several camps on

Valcour Island. Would the busy boatman back of a private house take us over in his motor boat and await our return? He would not! He was busy calking another boat and, his pitch being on the fire, any camper with a modicum of common sense could see that he could not interrupt his work.

The lake was in a gay mood and the wind rising. A canoe was a little too slow against such a wind. Besides, we had worked hard all day and it was nearly six o'clock. So we amiably chatted with the boatman about other things, among them his spaniel retriever with which, we ventured to suggest, he must have great sport duck-shooting. We, too, had raised and followed a few retrievers in the west, about the time we founded and first edited *Field and Stream*. The boatman looked at us with renewed interest. Yes, we were the young and daring boy who twenty-eight years ago had the nerve to start that great outdoor magazine, to see it through bankruptcy every Saturday night and revive it after breakfast every Monday morning. "Well, well!" mused the affable boatman. "So you was 'Mark Biff,' was you?"

"Yep!" we snorted.

"Well, that being the case, you can take that Sponson canoe there with the Johnson motor and cross to the island yourself. I guess you know how to run a motor's well as I do. Sorry I can't go along; but I just can't." And we were off with

a squawk, through the whitecaps, for Valcour Island.

Valcour is a beautiful island, in some respects an ideal camping ground. Nature shaped its shores in a kindly mood for those who love the open.

"Well," said the boatman. "I see you done it, all right. Too many storms up here this season." Then, seeing a lodge emblem on our coat, he chuckled: "Who'd thought I'd git a chance to help a brother in this outen-the-way place?"

When, at 9:00 p. m., we reached Plattsburg, we landed in an overcrowded place. Tourists were swarming all over the town. The only spare cots were in jail. So we spent a sleepless and unromantic night.

Surprises are not at all surprising on a camp tour of 7,000 miles. We look for them daily and feel just a little surprised if they do not arise to punctuate the day's work with a thrill. At Banner House we experienced a delightful surprise, of interest to all honest-Injun campers.

It seems that Mr. F. W. Adams, the kindly veteran proprietor of the Banner House Inn, at the postoffice named Banner House on Lower Chateaugay Lake, in New York, and his father before him, had always been ardent students of forest life and growth everywhere. This accounts for our discovery of a unique camp library, neatly arranged upon several shelves at the old Inn. It is

unique because, among other things, it is a wordless library and the easiest lot of books to read in any language in the world. If you are French, you can read them in your own language. If you speak only Hindustani or Greek or Chippewa, these books will speak to you understandingly in your own mother tongue. They are the most obliging set of little books in the world. And what is more, every camper could, as indeed he should, become the author of just such an informing library.

We can hear you say: "What in the name of a wall-eyed pike is this mysterious imp driving at?"

Well, we are driving at a brand new camp idea which came to us with what boys call a "hurry-up feelin'" inside, when we fondled these beautiful books and read their outsides. They didn't have any insides and they didn't need any.

The first volume which we gently drew out from the fascinating row was about $6 \times 4\frac{1}{2}$ inches by about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches thick, and it was as smooth to the touch as the finest piano surface. It was a perfectly formed model of a richly bound book and bore on its finely tooled back the words "Lignum Vitae," the name of a beautiful forest wood indigenous of Brazil. Another, a darker volume, of exactly the same size, shape and style, and much heavier, was a volume of that beautiful wood called Nispero, of Central and South America, a cubic foot of which is sometimes so heavy that it will sink in water.

There were many of these beautifully filled, rubbed and polished volumes of many species of rare and common woods of American, European, Asiatic, Indian, Australian and African origin. And as we fondled these fascinating little books and felt their rich texture upon our sensitive palms, and recalled that in our unwasted life as a world-wanderer we had seen many of the great trees from which these books were carved, in their native habitat, a peculiar pleasure sped its quickened course through our veins, and we lived over again, as so many traveled nomads do, many days of sun and shade and rain and drouth all the way from the savage throne of King Menelik, in Abyssinia, to the glaciers of Alaska. It is one of the privileges of an observant traveler to keep on traveling in mind and heart long after his legs and purse are on the retired list!

In the manual training and crafts departments of our camps, boys and girls should be taught to locate, identify and gather American woods. They should be taught how to kiln-dry and season their specimens; then how to carve them into volumes which will stimulate similar forest interest and activity in succeeding generations of campers. Original and corrective forestation will then mean more to campers than a hunt in the wilderness. Constructive forestry will then mean to them a recovery of the beauty of earlier homes, when the great period-furniture artisans produced

those masterpieces in design and finish so dear to the heart of all cultured individuals the world over. Boys and girls would gain an immense interest in natural and finished woods and their uses in all structural purposes. They would learn how the pores of woods are filled, rubbed, varnished, rubbed again with wet pumice and polished into those exquisite articles of domestic and commercial use. And all this in turn would mean enhanced appreciation, not only of the living tree but of the useful and the beautiful objects of art and utility which are made with the hard and soft woods of our forests. Such a course of training would also result in a more intelligent care of, and informed and loving interest in, the articles with which we furnish our homes, offices and public institutions. It is a sign of the ruffian to use beautifully finished mahogany or teakwood furniture as if it were the kitchen woodbox on a farm.

Here is an idea for all boys' and girls' camps to consider. Woodcarving is a fascinating art, but what it leads to in making boys and girls more appreciative and careful in their use of wooden articles is of like value, to say nothing of the knowledge gained of the forests and its infinite uses in so many departments of modern life.

We are pleased to mention some of the woods represented in Mr. Adams' unique library:

Native Woods: Red Oak, White Oak, Black Oak, Rock Maple, Birdseye Maple, Sweet

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Walnut, Black Walnut, Red Elm, White Ash, Sumac, Apple, Hickory, Hardhack, Hardhack Gnarl, Whitewood, Beech, Butternut, Tamarack, Fir (Balsam), White Birch, Yellow Birch, Black Birch, White Cedar or Arbor Vitae, White Elm, Balm of Gilead, White Pine, Pitch Pine, Red Cedar, Hawthorn or Thorn Plum, Black Cherry, Spruce, Lombardy Poplar, Cypress, Hickory, Locust, Yellow Poplar, Buckeye, Sour Wood, Chestnut, Sycamore, Peach, Dogwood, Black Gum, Sweet Gum.

From Brazil: Ebony, Lignum Vitae.

On Upper Chateaugay Lake we came upon a very charming girls' camp—Jeanne d'Arc—of which Miss Ruth Israels is the vivacious directress. The camp itself is a dream of loveliness and comfort. The region round about is exceptionally attractive and the views of lake and mountain are all that romantic young girls could long to behold. Lyon Mountain stands like a guarding sentry on the south.

Another beautiful camp in this region is the Ruth Doing School of Rhythmic Dancing, of which Miss Doing and her associate, Miss Gardner, are the directresses. This camp is altogether different from any other in the Adirondacks. It is more a school of aesthetics, ethical and musical culture, of dancing and pageantry, than a wilderness camp, albeit its numerous cabins in the forest fringing the lake-shore are altogether camplike and romantic.

Here beautiful girls are taught classic dancing on a greensward that makes a golfer's eyes blink. We mean that the golfer's eyes blink at the sward—not at the beautiful, barefoot girls posing, swaying, springing, yielding, gliding, dipping, falling, rising and tripping over the holeless green! We wanted to hang around about a week, maybe longer, but the five police dogs, guarding and dashing about the camp like a wolf pack, wouldn't hear of it. Indeed we were fortunate in getting away from the entrancing place with the advertising space on our knickers still somewhat intact. Last spring an itinerant Ford-equipped salesman encountered these wolfish dogs in the forest a mile from camp, and having omitted an early camp education, he mistook them for real wild wolves, ravenous of salesmen chops and tenderloins. So licking up the old Ford, he dashed into St. Regis Falls, summoned the sheriff, the minister, the fire department, town laundress, schoolmarm and sundry other brave men, women and boys armed with pike and pistol, and started a statewide hunt. The local newspaper described the salesman's narrow escape from these marauding wolves and opined that the Adirondacks were coming to a pretty state of unsafeness when a timid, little, cock-eyed salesman couldn't drive his creaking bus through the wilderness without being attacked and eaten by a pack of green-eyed Canadian wolves on their way south to take dancing lessons in the Doing Camp.

There was an awful hullabaloo throughout the region, until Miss Gardner gave assurance to the wild-eyed wolf destroyers that her police dogs and three frisky pups had been thoroughly house-broken on salesmen and poultry. After several months the neighborhood quieted down and business in the village was more or less resumed. It beats the devil what a tired salesman can see through the mud-bespattered window of a Ford!

At McCollom's, near Meacham Lake, a few miles north of Paul Smith's, we smacked our lips in anticipation of a good dinner and comfortable lodging at the hospitable inn of our old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Earl C. McArthur. As we approached the black fox farm, a mile north, we were sure we scented the chicken *en casserole*, the brook trout in the pan, the aerated cornbread and nineteen other edibles for which the McArthurs are famous. Damon, whose appetite is always several sizes too large for him, was making violent threats about what would happen to the McArthur larder when we landed before that dinner, and we, on our part, were inclined to concur. Imagine, just imagine, what a "gone feeling" hit us in the midriff when we drove up to the desolate smoking ruins of the little inn and saw with horror that it had burned to the ground! Yet there, on the ember-strewn lawn, beneath the great charred maples, stood smiling Mr. and Mrs. McArthur, to receive us with a greeting as cheerful as if dinner were

about to be served on their beautiful Delft china while the little orchestra was playing the dagoesque "Macaroni March" by Pietro Pumpnickel! Really, heroism isn't confined to the battle front. Also, one should carry a gross of shock absorbers on a camp tour. Finally, it is a greedy and imprudent habit to sniff an Adirondack dinner a mile away!

From McCollom's we continued south to Paul Smith's, called at what was the former camp site of Camp Kanuka, and went on to Kanuka's present site, and were glad to see its new gymnasium and many new cabins. We also found the directors and a few counselors putting the camp into shape for the boy campers expected on the following day. It was good to see big John Plant, Dan Messler, Prof. Geiger and Prof. Sprout in camp garb.

At Lone Pine Camp nearby we found an exceptional group of real camp buildings and a director—Mr. William R. Root—of sound camp ideas. The site of this camp is exceptionally desirable, and the camp management appeared to be enterprising and spirited. A fine lot of high class boys attend Lone Pine Camp, and they have interesting athletic and swimming meets with the splendid boys of Camp Kanuka on Clear Lake. One of Mr. Root's former counselors, Mr. Joseph F. Becker, has just established Camp Great Oaks, near Gabriels, New York.

Camp Boulder Point, on Rainbow Lake, stands

on an attractive site of 1680 feet altitude. It is woodsy, romantic and under the direction of two competent and charming directors, Miss Louise M. Sumner and Miss Lucy P. Wilkinson, of Rochester, New York. A group of excellent camp buildings had just been completed and the camp body was about to arrive when we visited the camp, the old site of which was formerly several miles south.

On the north shore of Silver Lake, near the village of Hawkeye, northwest of Ausable Forks, Miss Nina Hart, of the Bromley School, Bradford, Massachusetts, has built two beautiful girls' camps. The senior girls occupy Silver Lake Camp; the junior, Camp Baloo. Silver Lake is a very beautiful body of water in a woodsy, yet accessible region. The altitude is about 1800 feet. The camp structures are of rustic exterior and of a permanent character. The interior of the lodge is that of a large, refined home. The girls sleep on outdoor porches in groups presided over by counselors, all of whom are college women of the best type. It was just after the camp supper when we reached Silver Lake Camp over its romantic trail down the mountainside, and we were inclined to feel like an empty tent inside ourself. But Miss Hart, discovering our long abstinence, fed us bountifully, showed us the camp and sent us on our way south. Here is a smart, spirited camp of very handsome girls. And may we say again that

Silver Lake, with the sun setting, is very fascinating.

The Tupper Lake road being closed west of Saranac, we were unable to visit those two very interesting camps, Camp Ahmo and The Wilderness Mounted Camp, near Horse Shoe, west of Tupper Lake and south of Arab Mountain. We shall have that pleasure another day. Camp Ahmo is one of the big, progressive Adirondack girls' camps. The Wilderness Mounted Camp is the summer school and horse camp of the Riordan School, at Highland, New York. Our inability to reach these camps from our northeast position on the trail was a great disappointment to us.

The Raquette Lake and Fulton Chain country was out of our negotiable radius last summer; but the camps located therein will see us when we return to the trail on our way north to Camps Ahmo and Wilderness Mounted. Our route lay southeast, through the Schroon Lake, Chestertown and Lake George area, and thence we headed.

There are upwards of twenty-four camps in an area bounded on the north by Schroon Lake and Paradox, on the south by Luzerne, on the east by the eastern shore of Lake George and on the west by Pottersville. This is probably the densest camp population in northern New York. Around Schroon Lake the camps are largely Jewish. In the Schroon Lake-Chestertown region a number of camps were discontinued during the last three

years. Two had impossible sites; one suffered a fatal accident; another lacked directorial ability; another capital and a worthwhile objective, and so on. One of the largest Jewish camps in New York, splendidly equipped and directed, is Brant Lake Camp, near Horicon, east of Chestertown. We understand that Mr. Adolph Zukor of New York was the inspiration of this splendid organization and the patron of its extensive site and numerous camp structures which, besides the juvenile camps, include a fathers' camp.

North of Brant Lake on the shores of Lake George, we found Camp Athena, under the direction of Miss Emerson, a very beautiful private estate overlooking the lake in the vicinity of Bolton's Landing, New York, which the directress has converted into a camp and school of sumptuous appointments. This is an extraordinary site, with every form of private school and camp equipment for girls of social prominence. Miss Emerson is a refined woman of wide teaching experience, and it was evident on the occasion of our visit that her pupils and campers appreciate the quality of her dominion over them. Sleeping on porches is the custom here.

It was at this luxurious camp that we recalled the meditations of Robert Louis Stevenson: "So long as we love, we serve; so long as we are loved by others I would almost say that we are indis-

pensable; and no man is useless while he has a friend."

The Camp of the Seven Pines at Hulett's Landing on the east shore of Lake George occupies a small but very attractive site, from which we got a hundred-mile view. Captain S. A. Dineen directs the camp, which is operated for Catholic boys and visiting members of the priesthood.

North of the Hague, on a point which juts sharply into Lake George, the Reverend Robert F. Keegan, secretary to Cardinal Hayes of New York, directs a live boys' camp with pep and a punch in it. All the rain in the United States was pouring on Camp Chippewa when we slid and skidded and hesitatingly labored our way into it. We were certain that we would skid into the brook when we reached the narrow, unrailed bridge in the meadow just ahead. Lightning spun its strange patterns all around us, and all the thunders of the late war assembled and put the fear of God in man and beast and maybe in the fruits and vegetables. When we had run the car between two trees, we bolted for a toolhouse, where two other individuals had taken shelter. Once safely inside, the lightning struck the hut and, smashing the electric fuses, scattered bits of metal and mica all over the place. We were having a fine jack-rabbit time with ourself that wet and noisy afternoon! The old gardener, who during the last blast got up hurriedly from the bale of new spades

which had formed his seat, scratched himself amidships, howling that he'd been punctured by a piece of fuse metal. But he was mistaken. It was only a sand flea that had nipped him while hiking up the old fellow's leg to deaden the thunder and shut out the lightning. Just as we were reassuring the gardener, who should scramble into the hut but that genial, big-fisted, good fellow, Father Keegan, wearing the odd section of a pup tent for a raincoat. And Father Keegan's wet and smiling face made the rainstorm seem like a sunny day in June, so cordial was his greeting. Those Chippewa boys are a strenuous lot on the baseball diamond. They were mauling and mopping up the teams of all the neighboring camps. And Father Keegan can play or pray with them—whichever seems necessary to make them win. But he makes the boys of Chippewa win more than baseball. He teaches them those manly virtues which win respect and admiration.

Near Pottersville we called upon Miss Alice Y. Fox, at her pretty lodge, Camp Cedar, where she was expecting a goodly company of Pennsylvania girls to resume their camp joys on that attractive shore of Schroon Lake. Thence over to say "Hello" to Gilbert G. Brinkerhoff, director or manager of Pine Tree Camp for Jewish boys; but he was too busy playing tennis with a lady to see us for the one minute we had available.

Camp-of-the-Woods is on a mountain top near

the village of Speculator. It is located on Lake Pleasant with a sand beach as fine as any on the seashore. This is a unique camp, the summer recreation center of the Gospel Volunteers of the World. Its directors are Mr. and Mrs. George F. Tibbitts. Another camp of this organization is Camp Iroquois, at Glen Eyrie, on Lake George. These camps are something akin to the Y. M. C. A. camps, except that all the members of a family may register here and at a stipulated rate per week. The capacity of Camp-of-the-Woods is about 400; its equipment simple, its food good and its inspirational work of a religious character altogether constructive. Mr. and Mrs. Tibbitts have had over twenty years' experience here and abroad in Christian Endeavor work. People from many parts of the United States, England and Europe attend their upstate New York camps.

At Lake Luzerne Miss Dorothy G. Baldwin and Miss Frances G. Kinnear are developing a camp of which we are expecting much in the next few years. Pine Log Camp is situated upon an extraordinarily beautiful pine knoll overlooking the lake at an elevation of about sixty feet. It is such a site as one might seek for a lifetime. It amazes us how sane, enterprising camp girls go forth and find what men often dream about; but never get! Pine Log Camp was in its fourth year, but it had done well for itself and its girl campers. The Luzerne region is very attractive for miles around.

There is a little inn on the lake that seems to belong in Switzerland—not in our northern hills. It is withal one of the loveliest nests in the world, French in *cuisine* and character, and as chaste and dainty inside as any bride could wish to hide in on her first, even her second or third, honeymoon. And the *proprietaire*! *Mon Dieu!* *Une grande homme! Magnifique!* Go and see pretty Pine Log Camp; then go down the hill and dine with this generous and obliging sport-model *maitre d'hotel*. And you will drive back to New York in a grateful mood to us who have made you one of the elect, the *cognoscenti*.

Camp Mohican, near Hague, is a boys' camp under the direction of W. Roscoe Slack, of the Massee School. It is young; but developing along lines which Mr. Slack hopes will give it spirit and substance. Its site, which comprises 700 acres on the shore of Lake George, is exceedingly attractive. The forest growth back of the camp is large and of an interesting character.

Camp Ticonderoga, near the village of that name, is another boys' camp which is developing to express its director's ideals. It plays ball with the Chippewa and other camps and carries on otherwise in a spirited manner. It wins often and doesn't let its athletic success bulge its head off. The director, Arthur S. French, believes in keeping a camp simple, and he has succeeded in doing so during the nine years of this camp's progress.

His boys are a versatile lot and go in for dramatics, especially follies and farces of a funny character.

There are a group of good camps in the vicinity of Cooperstown, New York. They are Pathfinders Lodge, on Otsego Lake, the Ethical Culture Camp, Camp Chenango-on-Otsego and Camp Fenimore. One seldom finds such good, all-round camps so near each other. Was it the example of the first camp to establish itself there? Or the quality and ideals of the directors who fancied this fine camp region and made it their own? In their several distinctive characters they represent much that is desirable in the best of American camp life.

Miss Valerie Deucher, a young woman of ready spirit and great personal charm, and her equally attractive colleague, Mrs. Douglas Basnett, direct Pathfinders Lodge for a group of very smart girls. This is one of the best girls' camps in the east. It has a good site on a point in Otsego Lake, the Glimmerglass of Fenimore Cooper's novels, and its structures are of the substantial and permanent type. Pathfinders Lodge has spirit and color and class. It is well organized and ably conducted. It carries on many cultural activities in numerous camp departments which are in charge of competent counselors and teachers. The camp's chief purpose appears to be "to strengthen and mould the ideals of early womanhood and develop the creative ability of each girl." As the directors

are both musicians, their camp stresses that art. At their Morning Sing in the Council Lodge, the girls enjoy singing the Negro spirituals, old English chanteys and old French action songs. Sketching from still life and from nature is effectively taught at this enterprising camp. Arts and crafts, all land and water sports, much horsemanship, gypsy trips over night, woodcraft and canoe cruises, pageantry and dramatic and rhythmic dancing all hold the interest of these vital and resourceful Pathfinders. Finally, may we recall, in a spirit of acknowledgment and chivalry, not only the hospitality and graciousness of our Pathfinder hosts, but their exquisitely beautiful teacher of French who greeted us in the cottage studio. All in all, the Pathfinders are a bonny lot of thoroughbred campers!

Camp Chenango is not far, and we rambled into its woodsy maze and got lost, of course. This boys' camp is nine years old, but it seems to have the grit and go of older organizations. It is wholly a boys' camp, without compromise. It goes in for everything campy and comes out with successful adventures. The directors, Mr. Eli Fisher and Mr. A. E. Loveland, both members of the Camp Directors Association, believe in the boy of initiative and resourcefulness; in the boy who says "I'll do it!" They try to build boys of that type. Chenango camp structures are simple but adequate. Chenango boys build all sorts of things at camp

and learn how to be handy men. We were fortunate to find both directors in camp and to have gone over the camp site and buildings in a very satisfying manner.

Camp Fenimore, nearby, devotes its good work to boys and girls from six to twelve years of age. It has an ideal all its own: "To stimulate wholesome cooperation and understanding among boys and girls." Mr. and Mrs. Clifford A. Braider are the directors, and they are thoroughly in love with their work. Their camp site occupies the sloping bank of Otsego Lake, between a public road and the shore. Elevated board walks extend from building to building. The shore is clean and boating and bathing safe. This coeducational experiment is reported by the directors as successful. The boys and girls we met there certainly seemed contented and happy and in the best of health. So long as the present age limit is maintained, the directors of Fenimore will probably meet with no insurmountable difficulty in their special endeavor. We might facetiously remark that any system of education, training or punishment that will qualify the sexes to understand each other ought to be awarded the highest honor within the gift of society. Go ahead, Fenimore, and win it. May the Lord's blessing be with you!

The Mills Adirondack Camp, on the Schroon River, a few miles north of Chestertown, is also a coeducational camp for boys from five to thirteen

years and girls from five to twenty. There is an adults' camp on the same site which provides recreation for parents, friends and short-time guests. We find it difficult to do justice to the romantic character and refreshing beauty of this campsite. From its high elevation over a picturesque bend in the Schroon River, its views are superb. The river is a safe stream of slow pools and swift whitewater, a stream of the sylvan aspect to enchant the sensitive angler. And there is a fine, clean beach for children to gambol upon. There is a good sports field and room for many more. There are pine and birch trees in profusion all over the site. There are hidden camp sites on the edge of hills apparently many miles away, so secluded are they. One would not be satisfied only to live there: one would wish to be buried there. We have viewed thousands of wilderness trails and campsites—yet we can truthfully say what we have said of Dr. and Mrs. Mills' summer home for talented children.

The directors refer to their camp as "a camp and summer school of classic dancing," and it is all of these. Dr. Mills has had forty years' experience as a student of the growth problems of the child and adolescent. He was formerly in charge of the Department of Hygiene in the Medical School of the University of Syracuse. Besides all this, he is a real human being and a reg'lar feller to everybody, young and old.

Then there is his charming and energetic wife

who has the faculty of being in three places at the same time and doing something worth while in each. Also she has a lot of common sense, which is something when a woman has it. Mrs. Frances Park Mills is a Radcliffe College graduate, and Radcliffe doesn't graduate its girls on suspicion. It makes them hustle for its degrees. Besides being an accomplished authority on national and classic dancing, a composer of ballets and pageants, one-time instructor of dancing at the famous Lake Placid Club, Mrs. Mills has taught children for the past fifteen years and is now director of the Keith Ballet School at Syracuse. From half of which you will infer that Mrs. Mills is a busy woman.

Our visit to this camp was a delightful experience, as it included a night in rarified air after an exhibition of folk and classic dancing and some extraordinary recitations, songs and acting by talented youngsters. Really, it is amazing how teachable young human beings often are, when they come under the sympathetic direction of a woman who is a composite mother, expert and human genius in the culture of child life. We wish there were more geniuses like Dr. and Mrs. Mills and manly fellows like their son, directing the development of American children. Mrs. Mills agrees with us that the mere accident of being a father or mother does not result in competent parenthood. Raising children to their utmost stature of body,

CAMP TRAIL GOSSIP

mind and spirit is a science with a knowledge of which parents are never born and seldom made.

On Upper Chateaugay Lake, Miss Frances Sheridan conducts a young girls' camp, the site of which is in a hillside grove of hardwoods and hemlock. This is Camp Kaiora, not far from Camp Jeanne d'Arc. Miss Sheridan was away when we called and her girls were off on an overnight trip; hence the lack of animation in camp.

The Adirondack group of camps, as we may designate the camps in northern New York, has its southern base at Luzerne. The Cooperstown camps southwest of that town are a group unto themselves. There are practically no organized summer camps west of the Hudson River between Glens Falls on the north and Round Top peak in the Catskills on the south.

The first of the northern Catskill camps is within sight of Round Top at a point near Lawrenceville in Greene County. And it is a very lively and enterprising boys' camp, under the efficient direction of a firm yet kindly disciplinarian, Dr. Paul Kyle, Headmaster of the Kyle School for Boys.

Dr. Kyle is one of the pioneers of organized camping and one of the founders of the Camp Directors Association, the leading private camp organization in the world. An experienced educator by profession and a good soldier by instinct and early training, Dr. Kyle invests his inspira-

tional and cultural work with boys in both the Kyle School and Kyle Camp with a force that produces boys who can obey and command.

Kyle Camp is a sort of laboratory for ideas. The cabins in which the boys bunk are named after the Presidents of the United States and in the order of their terms of office. No Kyle boy can get them chronologically mixed after living at Kyle Camp a season. On our visit to Kyle Camp, our interest was attracted to a picturesque log house, bearing the sign, "Museum of Natural History." It contains a large collection of objects, systematically arranged, neatly labeled and, for the greater part, placed in glass cases. Those objects represent the booty of the boys on their explorations in the vicinity of the camp and include birds' nests with eggs, petrified leaves and specimens of the different woods, shells, flowers, moths and butterflies; also snakeskins and skins of furbearing animals. Near this museum is an aquarium in which the boys keep live turtles, snakes, frogs and water-bugs.

Quite in keeping with the stress displayed by the boys on general nature study is the lively interest which the boys evince in carrier pigeons. The latter, most of them blue-barred homers, are kept in a pigeon loft. The boys learn how to feed and handle them, also how to place the message tube on the pigeon's leg. This summer, fourteen carriers were released in Poughkeepsie—a distance of

about fifty miles from Kyle Camp. Three carriers, a mother and her two offspring, covered this distance in the remarkable time of forty-four minutes, the rest following in intervals from nine to eighteen minutes—all carriers, however, returning to the camp. Early in the season, the three best homers flew from Yonkers, New York, to Kyle Camp in one hour and forty-five minutes, a distance of one hundred and ten miles.

Another unique feature of Kyle Camp is the reward for proficient marksmanship. Those boys who, in accordance with the regulations of the Winchester Junior Rifle Club, have qualified as sharpshooters on the camp rifle-range, are privileged to shoot clay pigeons. One boy shot seven out of eight, and another youngster, nine out of ten.

When we visited Camp Wallkill near New Paltz, the Red Cross life-saving tests were about to come on. This camp is on the Wallkill River and occupies a slightly position above it. Its buildings are numerous and well built; its equipment is abundant and its sports field is a large, well laid out level area. This is quite an athletic and swimming camp. Among its paraphernalia is a dive training spring-board on land, the like of which we have seen nowhere else. Mr. C. J. Stein, the director, said the contrivance enabled boys to time and practice diving forms as well on land as in water. The camp boys and swimming counselor

not having reached the camp, we were unable to observe a demonstration of this unique diving board. Mr. Stein would probably be glad to describe it to interested directors.

One of the oldest Catskill Mountain camps is Camp Wake Robin, which Mr. Harry W. Little has directed during the last nineteen years. It was first named Camp Burroughs (1901-1903) in honor of John Burroughs, the naturalist, who, while rambling over the Woodland Valley trail, said of it: "a retreat which so took my eye by its fine trout brook, its superb mountain scenery and its sweet seclusion, that I marked it for my own."

We have cast flies on the Woodland Valley stream and the Esopus River these past twelve years, and know something of that romantic watershed that lies between the Schoharie River, Wittenberg Mountain and the Ashokan reservoirs that keep New York clean and quench its summer thirst. Big Indian and Roscoe, and the Beaverkill, Never-sink and Willowemoc trout rivers; the late Anthony W. Dimock's wilderness lodge in the Happy Valley near Peekamoose and the Roundout River, and like a jewel in all this glorious setting, luxurious Yama Farm, that wonderful creation of Frank Seaman and his transcendent vision. The whole region is one of exquisite charm and so accessible to New York City that it is fast becoming the week-end lure of thousands of automobile parties from April to November. Yet with all this,

it is in the heart of State Forest Preserves. No wonder John Burroughs was enchanted. No wonder Mr. Little and his nature lore associate, Mr. Oliver P. Medsger, went to Woodland nearly twenty years ago and builded Camp Wake Robin for younger boys.

Wake Robin is a woodsy camp of very simple construction. There are a number of rustic buildings, amongst them the Roost, where the camp assembles; the Hive, where they study, develop kodaks, mount specimens; the Shop, where their hands are educated to make and do all sorts of useful things; the Council Ring, where the Sachems and Sagamores and their young trail-makers foregather for the powwow; the Pagoda, where Camp Mother Medsger patches up barked shins and bruised hearts and sore toes, and a little homesickness perhaps in a first-year boy during his first week in camp. Finally, there is the Roxmoor Inn, close by, where the boys have their meals, and the get-away banquet at the season's end; and last of all, there is the little Woodland Neighborhood House where vesper service is held every Sunday. Mountain trails, swift tumbling brooks, a swimming pool in Woodland Stream; peaks to climb; trees to chop; birds, foxes, squirrels, bears, muskrats, marten, porcupines, weasels, partridges, pheasants, woodcock and—well, more than enough to keep boys busy, make them healthy and send them home in the autumn as brown as roan colts

and as flipperous as fleas. In such condition, after such a camp season, it's a grand and glorious feeling—to be a boy!

Up the Panther Kill brook, which is a picture gallery from its source to where it gurgles into Woodland Stream near a little bridge, from under which we watched two bear-cubs last spring scratch their bellies and maul each other like pups, there is another camp near the plateau of Panther Kill Mountain. It is Woodland Camp, connected with the Woodland School, of which Mr. Erwin S. Spink is the headmaster. It is a very pretty school camp, altogether different from Camp Wake Robin, and as well groomed and slicked and mowed and beflowered as the other is rustic. Each director is realizing his own ideal of a wholesome outdoor life for boys—young boys; and each is carrying on successfully in his own individual way.

Here and there throughout the lower Catskills there are other camps, those indicated being fair examples of all. Our limited space does not permit us to describe them this year, nor to dwell upon their camp practice—as varied and interesting as in the three camps just mentioned. Certain it is that any reasonable boy and parent can find the right camp in the Adirondacks, Catskills, or Pocosinos; in New England, the West or the South, and if these are not far away enough to thrill his adventurous spirit, there is Canada and—the North Pole! A boy's dream and a boy's legs can take him

anywhere, everywhere, when he has been camp-trained into a trail-maker. His wanderlust is the urge—the primal instinct in man. It is in the boy's blood and of the stuff of which the pioneer, the explorer, the hero, are made.

In trailing over the Pocono Mountains this year we found it necessary to follow a route which, owing to lack of time to extend it, permitted us to visit only those camps which grouped themselves advantageously along our way to Buffalo, the port from which we sailed for Duluth and the midwestern camps.

Most of the Catskill camps are conducted for boys, albeit there are a few girls' camps in the southern foothills of the range. In the Poconos, on the other hand, a large proportion of the camps are girls' organizations.

The Pocono and nearby camps we visited are: Camp Oneka, Pine Tree Camp, Camps Red Cloud and Red Wing, Camp Lenape, Camp Owaissa, Paupac Lake Camp, Dan Beard Woodcraft Camp, Camp Anthony Wayne, Camp Wyomissing, Camp Tegawitha, Pole Bridge Camp, Camp Susquehannock, Camp Teedy-usk-ung, Camp Shohola, Camp Shawnee, Pocono Pines Camp, Camp Pocono, Montessori Camp, Camp Minnehaha, and the Girl Scout Camp at Montrose, Pennsylvania.

Camp Oneka, Pine Tree Camp, Tegawitha and Camp Red Wing are the largest of the girls' camps, measured by enrolled campers, in this region.

Camps Red Cloud, Susquehannock, Lenape, Wyomissing and Shawnee are the largest boys' camps there. Of these, Camp Susquehannock is a well established tutoring camp of a long and successful career. Camp Oneka is one of the finest and most progressive girls' camps of the east, thoroughly organized and abundantly equipped. Its counselor body is exceptional and its campers are of the best social status. Lake Arthur, on the shore of which the camp is built, is an excellent body of water as clear and clean as crystal. Its altitude is 2200 feet. The views in all directions are superb. Mr. and Mrs. E. W. Sipple, Oneka's directors, have had a long organized camp experience, having until a few years ago also owned a boys' camp nearby. Mr. Sipple is president of the Pennsylvania section of the National Association of Directors of Girls' Camps.

Oneka is another singing camp, and its girls and their cheer leader display extraordinary talent and spirit in this department of the camp's wide range of cultural activities. Oneka's site is in the heart of Pocono laurels and rhododendrons, one of the features of that region's distinctive loveliness. Another type of Pocono mountain beauty is the composition of pine, hemlock and white birch upon every hand. The camp is divided into junior, intermediate and senior groups, each of which is a separate camp but under the central control. The lodge is one of the most perfect examples of rustic

construction in the hills, and all other Oneka structures bear the stamp of an intelligent sense of utility and art. Each week the Oneka girls produce a "playlet," pageant or operetta to bring out the hidden talent of young campers. Fine sports fields and every rational sport on land and water make Oneka a busy, healthful, happy camp. It is an enthusiastic camp. It manifests pride in its organization, in what it does and the good fellowship with which it carries out its high camp purpose. It seems superfluous to add that our brief visit to Oneka began with a hearty greeting and ended with a lodge talk to all the campers and a goodbye song, the lilt of which in our heart made the purr of the car seem far, far away.

On the opposite shore of Lake Arthur is Camp Lenape for boys. This property was recently taken over by James R. and David S. Keiser, two brothers who are going at their camp job with vim and ambition. Lenape is a chartered tribe of the Woodcraft League of America, and the boys get abundant woodcraft experience under spirited campcrafters. The directors are graduates of the University of Pennsylvania, James R. Keiser being an intercollegiate swimming champion. Alfred G. Schmidt, the head counselor, is a versatile genius who does everything a little better than he ever did it before. He was once the champion rifle shot of the United States. He is also an artist and a lot of other things. Lenape's boys live in log cabins,

which they either keep in shipshape order or, to quote a cullud gent', "get sumfin in de neck dey doan expek." The camp is well equipped for a reg'lar feller boys' camp, has a level sports field, a serviceable manual training shop and any amount of athletic paraphernalia. Its division of the boys into Settlers and Indians is unique and produces many thrills during the season. Occasionally the Indians undertake to raid and carry off the Settlers, or the one will play baseball with the other. But whatever the struggle, there is always enough pep and noise and energy invested in the game to run the United States about a week. Lenape boys get to be good rifle shots, good swimmers and baseball swatters, good woodcrafters and horsemen, and mighty good pancake-and-sausagers at breakfast. Last year they won seventy-eight gold, silver and bronze medals of the Winchester Junior Rifle Corps, which strikes us, who used to shoot a lot in the west, as "seeing things" accurately when it's a bull's-eye you're after. A real live Indian cheer leader, Chief Joseph Strongwolf, of the Ojibway tribe, a graduate of Leland Stanford University and first Indian to enlist in the World War and a bully fellow, symbolizes for Lenape boys the thrill and the color of the wilderness and the subtle, aboriginal arts of the red man. When Chief Strongwolf dons his gorgeously feathered head-dress and smears on his war paint, things Lenape go off with

boyish glee and a bang. And that is Camp Lenape in the brief space of a page or two.

Pine Tree Camp is a little the largest girls' camp in the Poconos and one of the largest in the east, now averaging 200 campers a season. It is thirteen years old, but younger than ever. Also, its gracious directress, Miss Blanche D. Price, is becoming younger, more charming day by day. You would know what we mean, though dare not too abruptly say, if you saw her devoted girls worship her, and her little ways and big ways of keeping the camp healthful and happy. Pine Tree Camp is a large organization with many camp structures, cabins, tents, five sports fields, three tennis courts, riding rings, bathing house and beach on Lake Naomi, tutors' cabins, experimental vegetable and flower gardens, a large arts and crafts building where reed and raffia work is done, clay modeled, jewelry and metal ware designed; also a nature lore department, and finally handball and basketball courts and a baseball diamond. In short, nothing seems to have been omitted indoors or out at Pine Tree Camp. And the girls who register there come from all over the United States—as far south as Louisiana and as far west as Wisconsin. And such girls! You should have been there with us on the bright morning upon which we had them all before us after breakfast. Just to look upon their glowing faces was an inspiration; even a renewal of one's hope for the rising generation and

its oncoming task in a world of increasing problems.

Lake Naomi, five minutes down the 80-foot-high hill on which the camp thrives, is a fine body of water. Pine Tree Camp controls a lake frontage of 300 feet, which includes an excellent sand beach. At Pine Tree Camp we recalled the Psalms:

"So teach us to number our days that
we may get us the heart of wisdom."

The Dan Beard Woodcraft Camp, north of Hawley, on Lake Teedyuskung, is on the site of Dan Beard's own hunting lodge built in 1883, the romantic rendezvous of this venerable woodcraft-er's legion of friends, among them Theodore Roosevelt, William Howard Taft, Sir Robert Baden-Powell, Dr. Parker Syme, Dr. Hornaday, Gifford Pinchot, Frank Presbrey, Edmund Seyman, Buffalo Bill, Frederick Vreeland, Buffalo Jones, Col. David T. Abercrombie, Charles Dana Gibson, Captain Francis Gidner, Frederic Remington, John Burroughs, James A. Cruikshank, Gene Milton F. Davis, Martin Freeman and literally hundreds of other genuine American, Canadian and overseas sportsmen and campcrafters of renown. Dan Beard's Camp is unlike any other camp in the country. It fixed its knowing eye on a star and never wandered off its chosen trail. For sheer tenacity of purpose, for steadfastness to Dan

Beard's ideal, there is nothing quite like his camp in all campland.

Tenacity and loyalty are a wonderful pair of world-winning virtues. A sound woodcraft teaches both every moment of every day. Wandering aimlessly is something real campcrafters do not do. They are generally going somewhere. That's the case with Dan Beard's band of woodcraft boys. Their trail leads to a peak of which they never lose sight, at least not while their magnetic chief is around or his young son who captains them and trains them into the very woof and warp of a practical woodcraft that distinguishes them in adult life from other men.

Dan Beard calls his camp a school. It is a school—a school of self-reliant and aggressive manhood. It is unique, not so much because it aims at the same goal aimed at by other qualified camps, but because its camp practice, activities and discipline are altogether different in theory and form from other eastern camps.

Some years ago Dillon Wallace, author of *The Labrador Trail*, wrote this of Dan Beard:

"For three generations Dan Beard has been the mentor of the American boy in youthful activities. It is safe to say that no man in the United States has done so much to foster the ingenuity, self-reliance and resourcefulness of our boys; and what boy of today does not know and love him."

We echo the same appraisal of Mr. Beard's immortal work for American boys. He has always believed that "profound intelligence is the only foundation for immortality. The precious metals are the heaviest." Hence his lifelong teaching like a lapidary, to put a thousand radiating facets upon the rude intelligence of the untrained boy and make him vibrate with energy and shine with fundamental human qualities.

In the Dan Beard Camp which, in its proper designation is called The Dan Beard Outdoor School for Boys, there is no tennis, no baseball, no handball or basketball, no college athletics, no lamps, no candles, no electric lights. The boys are taught to sleep in the darkness and to use daylight to live in. But there are a lot of other, more romantic things in the camp—fishing rods, cameras, drums, bugles, other musical instruments; flashlights for tent and trail; shinny sticks, canoes, paddles, scout axes, hunting knives, fire-rubbing sticks; trail, hiking and overnight kit and camp duffel, and many tools and implements of service and work in a pursuit of woodcraft and the comfort, security and work of a camper in the wilderness.

"We hike to study first hand all the things in nature which we read about in books; we hike to practice first hand all those things in camping which we read about in books." This indicates why it is unnecessary to provide Dan Beard's Camp

with activities which boys get at school and elsewhere.

This camp's formation is the same as that of the original Boy Scouts. Each boy is assigned to a group known as a "stockade." Each group is composed of eight boys and a leader, with a totem pole of their own. On the top of the Pole is the heraldic totem animal which Mr. Beard's ability as an artist and illustrator always renders most realistic. In fact, his entire camp bears the repeated mark of this artist's skill; the camp lodge alone being an object fit for our Natural History Museum.

It was a bright Sunday when we reached this hospitable camp and had the pleasure of greeting Mr. and Mrs. Beard and their son, Daniel Bartlett Beard. They had been receiving visitors most of the day, for there were still many cars parked at the entrance. We drew back and hesitated an hour, fearing to add to their social activities. A popular camp director is generally beset on Sundays, and an experienced camp-hound like ourself knows how irksome forty Sunday visitations can become toward evening. However, when the visiting hosts had departed, we emerged from the foliage and approached Mr. Beard. After that, the dog could have bitten us twice in three places without diverting our attention.

We stayed in camp that glorious night, slept near the chief in his old grey hunting camp near

the lake, got up with the sun, remade our cot-bed and reported for inspection with the early birds. And we had a bully night, and a fine walk with Mr. Beard on Monday morning to his neighbor, Camp Teedy-usk-ung for girls, of which Mrs. Ann D. McCoy is the directress. There Mr. Beard was welcomed with bare and open arms and made much of, as became a woods viking of his vigor at eighty years of pep. And before the boys, girls, men and women at Teedy-usk-ung would let their tailholt of him go, they made him say a lot in a few words to inspire young hearts and sturdy hands to carry on the camp purpose in an edifying manner. On the return trail to his own camp he casually noted the profusion of wild buckwheat in that region. Then we came upon the fresh trail of—never mind what. And so we doffed our hat, and there, before a dozen totems of thrilling design and the white presence of an Alaskan Indian Tepee which Belmore Brown had recently sent down from the north, we bade Mr. and Mrs. Beard adieu and hurried off to another boys' camp where we suddenly became a horse doctor! You never can tell what a camp tour will make of you!

Camp Anthony Wayne is nine miles north of the Beard Camp, at Welcome Lake, in the historic foothills of the Blue Mountains. This region was once the hunting-ground of the Tuscarora and Delaware Indians. It is still the habitat of abundant game. In 1795 "Mad" Anthony Wayne de-

feated the Delawares here and established a lasting peace between that tribe and the Federal Government. From Easton, Pennsylvania, then came the Quakers looking for a pine tree tall and straight enough to be made into the mainmast of the good ship "Constitution." It was found three miles from Camp Anthony Wayne, a boys' camp, presided over by Major Erving M. Fish and his wife and an enterprising corps of qualified assistants. The spot that bore the giant pine is known as Mast Hope. The Forest Lake Club, a sportsmen's organization, is nearby. The Delaware River, Shohola Falls and other interesting canoe and hiking trips are available from the camp.

The substantial character of Anthony Wayne Camp was very gratifying to observe. The boys were a fine lot of merry youngsters and had the best sort of camp equipment to play with. Cabins are of the secure, rustic, pine-slab exterior finish type, well ventilated and lighted. Major and Mrs. Fish were gracious hosts.

After a delightful visit to this splendidly equipped camp, we sped south to Paupac Lake Camp and discovered one of the most beautiful waterfalls and rhododendron groves in the east. Miss M. Blanche Potter and her camp family showed us what nature can do betimes to renew our faith in a divine scheme. Here we found ourself on the top of a lofty mountain, on the shore of Paupac Lake, wherein the fish are as numerous

and as biteful as mosquitoes in the valley. Miles upon miles of rhododendrons and laurel, pine, yellow birch and silver beech, with here and there a juniper, a hemlock and thousands of maples, ash and oaks. A region of surpassing loveliness, and a small, homelike camp of pretty girls of rare responsiveness to the intimate camp-fire reveries of an ardent trail-maker.

A unique camp organization at Wycombe, Pennsylvania, attracted us greatly during our camp tour. It is known as the Montessori Camp for younger children, from four years up. Its directress is Mrs. Anna Windle Ryan, headmistress of the Montessori Boarding and Day School, Philadelphia. The site was formerly a farm and lends itself admirably to the form of camp Mrs. Ryan has in view. An old and very attractive fieldstone house was some years ago renovated and enlarged. It is now the lodge. Adjoining it a large structure is being rebuilt to accommodate eighty children and provide an assembly room with a fireplace, galleries, offices and chambers. Without, the aspect of the place is very pleasing. The little brook forms a safe swimming pool in front of the lodge. Beyond, on another hill, are additional structures where the older boys have their camp. A pretty orchard surrounds the lodge and the tents and playhouses of the small children. The whole setting is designed to be a miniature village in which the children live and govern their civic and social

system under the subtle direction of the enterprising directress and her enthusiastic counselors. A pretty idea, very attractively carried out. A charming directress, very happily employed. A band of winsome counselors thoroughly interested in their important work of child education based on the Montessori system, of which Mrs. Ryan was a graduate under Signora Montessori personally. Educational training camps for very young children are institutions of the highest importance. It is gratifying to find those of which we may unreservedly approve.

After a brief visit to Camp Minnehaha near Pennsburg, we looked in all too hurriedly at Camp Owaissa, Camp Pocono, the Pocono Pines Camp, Camp Shawnee on Twin Lakes in Pike County, Camp Shohola at Greeley and Pole Bridge Camp at Matamoras. It would give us pleasure to describe their hospitality to us and the interest we found in their camp methods and practice; but this year's volume is already half-again larger than the space granted to us. We must make our way north to meet the boat at Buffalo for the west.

At Scranton, which we reached late on a Saturday, we were hospitably taken in by old friends, Mr. and Mrs. Clarence P. Wynne and Judge George W. Maxey of the Court of Common Pleas. It was Judge Maxey who for several days entertained the Hon. David Lloyd George at his palatial home a few years ago while the British

Premier was the guest of the Keystone State. With Mr. and Mrs. Wynne we played some terrible golf—as they must have thought—and with Judge and Mrs. Maxey we climbed a mountain and did a little revolver shooting to make us ashamed of ourself. Judge Maxey is a nature lover of the genuine type—not the armchair variety which guesses that tumuli are vegetables and that a trillium is a one-act play. When we left Scranton over the Lackawanna Trail, Judge Maxey's fierce German police dog plainly warned us never to return—at least so long as he remained a police dog.

Our first camp north of Scranton was the Girls Scout Camp, at Lake Ely, to which Mrs. Mark Edgar, Girl Scout Commissioner of Scranton, piloted us so that we might see what a fine camp Miss Yost, its directress, was producing for Scranton's wholesome outdoor girls. And it is a splendid camp—and Mrs. Edgar and her associates and the citizens of Scranton are to be congratulated.

Camp Red Cloud for boys and Camp Red Wing for girls are among the largest and best organized camps in the east. They possess two large estates on the shore of Silver Lake, near Brackney, Pennsylvania. Major Louis E. Lamborn and Edward C. Wilson of the Friends School of Baltimore, direct both, Miss Mildred Dunnock being the associate director of Camp Red Wing. These are thoroughly equipped camps, in a region of hills

CAMP TRAIL GOSSIP

and valleys and fine views, Silver Lake having an altitude of 1800 feet. Horsemanship, cruising, all land and water sports, hiking, trailmaking, mountaineering, nature study and a long list of cultural activities have made these camps popular and insured them large registrations year after year.

From Pennsylvania it is a long way to Lake Chautauqua and Camps Twanekotah and Tonkawa. But Dr. and Mrs. Stoll have such a fine camp in Twanekotah it would not have been fair to them nor to New York campers to have omitted a visit to them. But it meant driving hundreds of miles over roads that for half the distance were certainly indictable by a colored grand jury. However, once on the west shore of Lake Chautauqua, nearly all went well with us.

Twanekotah is a singing camp *par excellence*. Dr. Stoll is an enthusiastic choral leader besides being a preacher of rational religion. He and his good wife direct a thoroughly organized camp on a charming site, which includes an excellent sports field and attractively designed permanent camp buildings. The girls who attend Twanekotah are a robust lot, alive to all that is best in camp life. They sing and play and study and work and explore on land and water as if their camp activities meant something which they prized beyond price. That is the true camp spirit—to play with unrestrained enthusiasm and the will to achieve. It

is doing things in a half-hearted, headless fashion that is tasteless. Besides, pride of performance is one of the most useful elements in work and play. To have a loving interest in doing everything well is that sign of genius which achieves the handiwork of talent!

Camp Tonkewa was formerly the Stoll camp for boys. It is now under the direction of Mr. John H. Nyenhuis, a former associate, we understand, of Dr. and Mrs. Stoll. Camp Tonkewa sits on a pleasant hill about one-eighth of a mile or less from the shore of Lake Chautauqua. The director was away with the boys at a baseball game when we walked over from Dr. Stoll's camp; but a fox terrier greeted us in a language all his own and waggingly introduced us to the camp nurse, who seemed to be prepared to give first aid to the baseball casualty list when Tonkewa's braves returned. As the night was calling us to East Aurora on our way to Buffalo, we started north through Chautauqua's famous assembly, where thirty acres of cars were parked and ten thousand people were seated in the great auditorium. Somewhere north of there we ran out of gas and—out of our Christian spirit. After filling the night air with barbarous expletives, we discovered an abundance of gas in the tank. It was the vacuum this time which had arteriosclerosis! The auto pathology will never be wholly fathomed!

However, we finally reached Buffalo in time—to miss the boat.

Upon our return from the West we found ourselves near Camp Metedeconk for Boys, on the Metedeconk River, below Lakewood, New Jersey, and had the privilege of going over it with its directress, (Mrs.) Maude L. Dryden, of Bayonne.

This is a young camp in a very attractive setting—a pine grove on a knoll from which one gets a good view of the river on the west and toward the south, of Barnegat Bay and the ducks that flock there in thousands every fall.

A simple rustic camp of sensible design, dedicated to a sensible camp program of the intimate kind that mothers like to observe. For younger boys these home-like camps under the direction of refined women of sympathy, understanding and practical common sense, are, after all, a form of very fine influence in the lives of boys. And Mrs. Dryden is such a woman, as her own two fine sons attest.

Upon our return from the trail we learned that Camp Big Pine at Lake Fairlee had become Camp Beenadeewin, Judge A. S. Gregg Clarke of the Keewaydin Camps of Lake Timagami, Canada, Camp Songadeewin of Lake Willoughby, and Camp Dunmore of Vermont, having purchased it. It is good to learn, too, that Mr. and Mrs. Herbert J. Wyckoff, the founders, and for eleven years the directors of Big Pine, are to continue as such.

CHAPTER VI

MID-WESTERN CAMPS

Western Camp Men and Women—No Intellectual Mania—They have not Scrapped the Home—Interested and Enlightened Parenthood—Camp Training should Sustain the Home—Minnesota, Wisconsin and Michigan Camps—Missionaries of a New Race—Longevity of an Indian Chief—Seven Thousand Wisconsin Lakes—Mishike, A Real Wilderness Camp where Wolves Do their own Broadcasting—Sherwood Forest Camp—A Council of Vigilance and Standards—Bad Camps Must Go—Eastern and Western Camps Compared—Ethical Aim Alike—Let us Hit the Trail Together—Camp Bryn Afon's Water Carnival—Brown Bread versus White—An Experiment on Poultry—Cakes for Diabetic Cows—Camps Idyle Wyld and Minne-Wonka Lodge—a Three-Thousand-Acre Island—Chambers Island Camp—Thirty Miles of Trails—We Knock off Kindling Wood from the Deck of a Hoss—The Cultural Increment of Qualified Camps—Camp Winnepe's Educated Bear—Camp Osoha's Arts and Crafts—Camp Red Arrow's Huskies—Camp Minocqua and Pottawottamie Lodge—Home of the Fighting Muskalunge—Camp Pinewood's Large Estate—Camp Kee-Mo-Sah-Bee's Axe Throwing—Cherry Home and Camp Caho—In Cherry Blossom Time—Camp Wanalda's Banquet—Camp Diatetics—Camp Fairwood—Camp Interlochen—Camps Arbutus and Pottawottamie—A Gala Night at Camp Neecarnis.

One of the social conditions in the Middle West which arrested our attention was the enlightened and contented domestic spirit of the women, not only the parents of campers, but the older unmarried camp girls themselves. They did not seem to be reaching out after the vague, undefinable objectives of a class of women who, asleep or awake, are agitated and agitating under the cranial thump of what might be called the new intellectual mania—a soul-quaking yearning to be something else—anything, so long as it is not—what it is! We saw little of the denatured woman, that modern sport of the species which is neither man nor woman; but some disturbing alchemy of both. The camp women and the women we met socially in the west were pretty sound in their feminine character. They had not lost the broader traces of the sex. These thoroughly sane women have not scrapped their homes, dispersed their children and divorced their husbands on the ground of nonincomegetability. In fact they seemed really interested in their parenthood, looked upon home, husband, children, the school and church as constituting conditions tending to keep the family intact. There was a quiet assurance, a very charming ease and comfort about these women which seemed to dignify all they did. They are women whom Miss Margaret Bondfield, Britain's first woman cabinet minister, would applaud. Recently Miss Bondfield said something hard and loud to the wild women every-

where who are rushing rudely to what they joyfully term "emancipation." She declared her contempt for females who were usurping masculine spheres on the one hand while exacting feminine privileges on the other and—destroying both.

Said she: "The fact of the matter is that a large number of women are not fit to be homemakers because they have never addressed their minds to it as a vocation. They have regarded it as merely an opportunity to satisfy instinctive cravings, to express themselves and to have a husband who will give them a good time. * * * * Homemaking requires the greatest intellectual effort and the most sustained service—the infinite capacity for taking pains which amounts to genius.

"I have very little patience with the woman who wants to leave husband and children to the care of paid workers, while she herself seeks outside work because it is more intellectual."

A part of the camp training tends to fit the girl camper efficiently to care for her body, her environment, her mental and moral nature, and her domestic purpose, day by day. In other words, our girls' camps are by their teachings enabling potential mothers to appreciate the privilege and comprehend the responsibilities of healthy motherhood. There was nothing we said that pleased both boys and girls more than our prophecy that within a few years every boy and girl with a camp-

hardened sense of life and its opportunities would marry only camp-trained mates.

So the directors of the girls' camps are sturdily avoiding the distortions so prevalent in the febrile social life of larger cities, and they are teaching their young charges to qualify for the greatest service they can be to themselves, their families and the nation. When we see a class repudiating its natural attributes and striving to assume others born of an artificial and complex social system, we recall the simple wisdom of Lao Tzu (604 B. C.) the Chinese philosopher:

"The highest goodness is like water, for water is excellent in benefiting all things and does not strive. It occupies the lowest place, which men abhor. And, therefore, it is near akin to Tao."

In view of the real biologic impulse behind our growing love of an organized outdoor life, the effect of camp training toward or away from the home becomes exceedingly important. The home is the first and greatest of all human institutions. What tends to destroy its natural boon to all its members, tends to the ruin of the individual and the state. It is therefore important, very important to gear American camp training so that it will sustain the home. It has been our observation that the training boys and girls get in properly conducted camps tends to make them competent, interested and characterful homemakers. The boys learn much in the way of resourceful-

ness, a handiness in the presence of those big and little things about a home that require intelligent attention. And the girls learn much of domestic science, hygiene, sanitation, poise in command and considerateness under the petty tests of every day. And both sexes learn the higher lessons of the good camp, the inculcation of the principles of right living, health preservation, toleration of and sympathy for each other; patience under trials; an enduring good fellowship, and a spirit of comradeship and mutual help that becomes the best of all domestic bonds. The word "duty" takes on a higher meaning to boys and girls who have spent a few years in a good camp. Life is extended for such boys and girls far beyond their local horizon. They find beauty, faith and a new religion in these words of an ancient seer:

"Man does not live by experience alone, but by transcending experience, assured of what he does not see, and never has seen, as real: nor can he ever recognize the absolute worth and authority involved in the idea of duty but by a mental lift into a sphere above all the limits and contingencies of actual human conduct."

The western boys' camps are also of an exceptionally good character. Many of them are young camps. Those I was able to visit were all genuine and dead in earnest. Some had fine sites and others poor sites, and some were under better control and direction than others. But all seemed to carry on

for a higher, better purpose than to make money. In this respect they were following the example of our best eastern and southern camps, institutions with a real boy-and-girl-building purpose.

In northern Minnesota, in that wonderful lake region around the headwaters of the Mississippi River, there is a boys' camp fifteen years old. It is flourishing. Its site is one of the best in the whole country and its immediate territory is historic, even romantic. It was once the campsite of a great hostile Indian chief, a warrior who in his time tried with stealth and bow and arrow to stem the westward tide of our civilization. A year or so ago this early Indian warrior died in Minnesota at the remarkable age of 134 years—a grand testimonial of the healthfulness of life in the open. So the boys of this sightly camp on the shore of Pokegama, find themselves in a romantic setting which thrills them by its touch and inspiration before their camp fires.

The great age of this Indian chief is of itself an assurance to them that a rational life is the simple life; that a long life is the simplest life in the open. Boys so taught and trained return to our cities as missionaries of a new race—the camp-trained men and women who will rebuild American homes.

There are other good boys' and girls' camps in this interesting region. They are nearly all progressive and highly charged with that ethical spirit so essential if camp life is to be a real factor in

correcting the social life of our time. Our visit to Camp Kawajiwin, at Cass Lake; Camp Wanaki, nearby, and Camp Mishawaka was very gratifying. These are typical Minnesota camps. Unfortunately we were unable to visit the splendid camps in the central and southern part of the state. But we hope to do so next year. Minnesota is in some respects an ideal canoe camp state. It has a wide network of lakes and waterways, and much of its camp territory lies near Indian reservations of exceptional interest to boys and girls. The state maintains the best-posted roads in the country, and spends \$600 per year per mile on their upkeep.

Northern Wisconsin alone has 7000 lakes, brooks and rivers to attract campers and provide them with cruising and fishing waters of real wilderness character. There are still numerous groves of pine, spruce and fir. Forest rangers are well distributed and organized to protect forests from fire, and game wardens are vigilant in their work of preserving game. The people, of whom a large proportion are of Swedish and Norwegian origin, are exceedingly hospitable toward trail makers, canoeists and right-minded sportsmen and women. Of fish and game there is an abundance. The home of the fighting muskalunge is here. Several bald eagles crossed our trail as we worked east and south from Superior, on our way to Camp Mishike in the midst of its 1700 acres of wilderness.

In this enterprising camp the he-boy will find an

open door to a world adventure out where we heard wolves howl at night and deer, foxes and small ground animals bark by day. This is a new camp with its inevitable wilderness problems still to solve; but solving its problems is going to be its fascination to live boys or to lethargic boys who can be awakened under inspirational leadership. There is much we should like to say about Camp Mishike and its leaders; but our space is all too limited. If it carries out its practical intentions and realizes half its ideals, it will have set a splendid example of what a rough wilderness training school of hardy boyhood should be.

There are three Mishike features of which we cannot omit mention without depriving other camps of valuable information. These are its practical forestry; its exceptionally thorough canoe training in different types of guide canoes, and its paddle lore and paddle shaping. Mr. W. E. Sanderson, a practical forester, canoe builder and paddle maker and collector, and his spirited associate, Warren B. Bullock, trail maker, are founding a new type of camp of which we shall observe the results with intensest interest. Their camp problems are by no means light; but inasmuch as their campcraft genius is both spirited and resourceful, we are sure they will succeed. No one can hit the trail with fellows of their thoughtful and hardy character and listen to an outline of their camp, trail, forest and water plans without

gaining a rugged confidence in their heroic work out where there is often only seventy-one days between the spring and autumn frost. The camp with adequate courage and daring to be a pioneer up where Nature bellows her orders brusquely, is a camp to be watched and commended.

In last years' book we indicated the percentage of incompetent camps which obtained in the denser camp population of the East. Abuse of the higher camp purpose would naturally prevail in the region where camps were first founded and where they are now so numerous. Every institution behind which the sordid and the unconscionable can promote their own purely material profit or advantage, will always have its harpies and its parasites. Legitimate camp directors must expect this until all good camps have been organized for the suppression of camps and camp directors who are exploiting our youth for nothing higher than an easy income for directorial greed and incompetence. In "Summer Camps—Boys and Girls" we therefore asserted that one camp out of every five in the eastern states should be suppressed by law. And we meant that without any qualification whatever. Since that book was published a very significant number of unqualified camps have folded up their mouldy tents and silently stolen away. More of them will do so this year. There can be nothing more abominable than a bad camp impressing its baneful influence upon some one's boy or girl. The

church, the school and the camp must be above reproach, if our youth are to have their fair opportunity to reach a sound adult life. And any knavish man or woman who ventures into either of these essential institutions of our social order for any nefarious purpose, must be promptly detected and vigorously expelled. The Camp Directors Association must create a Council of Vigilance and Standards and dedicate its energies to the purification of that modern educational and recreational enterprise known as the organized cultural camp. To this salutary end we are sure every right-minded camp director, camper and parent will lend active aid.

A question that has been frequently put to us since our return from the midwest, is: "How do the western camps compare with those in the East?"

We might as well compare the stars, or five hundred one-dollar bills, if we ever had so many to look upon.

There is neither room nor necessity for baldly comparing the eastern and the western camps. As a group they do not materially differ. The western camp has had the advantage of founding its form and practice upon the eastern camp. The literature of the eastern camp has been an advantage to the western camp in rearing itself out of the ideals of the western camp director. The men and women of the West who have sought self-expression

through the summer camp as their vocational occupation, have naturally looked into the older camps in the East. Then many of them with fresh ideas and lofty ideals have gone to the western woodland and builded their own camps unlike anything they had ever looked upon anywhere. After all, camps are an individual expression of a distinct personality. That is why we find no two camps alike—east or west. That is why they have not palled upon us in our orgy of camp visitation. Just as no two human beings are mentally, morally and physically alike, so no two camps are alike unless directed by the same personality.

The eastern and western camps have naturally many common characteristics. Their ethical aim is the same—they seek to educate our youth in the ways of sound health, hygiene, good sportsmanship, a certain spiritual and social awakening, an unselfish service. The camp practice which is to produce these desirable results differs no oftener in the West than in the East or the South. Gradually the sound standards of camp management and practice are reaching all our American camps through an expanding camp literature. Books like H. W. Gibson's "Camp Management" and his other books; "The Woodcraft Manual for Boys," Dan Beard's books, Mathew's Nature books, the books of Miller, Rogers, Collins, Cragin, Kephart, Barnes, the Field and Stream publications, the Spalding books, Stewart Edward White's books,

Wallace's "Land Cruising and Prospecting," Nessmuk's "Woodcraft," Dick Swiveller's "Practical Side of Camping," Dr. Eastman's "Indian Scout Talks, Laura Mattoon and Helen Blagden's books, and many other outdoor books, are doing much to enforce the adoption in all qualified camps of practical methods of management, direction, practice and educational camp activities.

The temptation is keen to deal with our visit to the Wisconsin and Michigan camps in an intimate and gossipy manner. Nothing would be pleasanter for the author than to take the reader along on the trail and let him see what happens in each camp invaded. The little incidents and facts of physical camp condition and of hospitality, which we are persuaded to believe many camp directors feel we never observe, would, in fact, form a large part of the basis of our observation and appraisal. Always with a mind on the bigger essentials, a sympathetic observer often gains an accurate insight into the principles of a camp's management through the little things he sees and hears as he pursues his inspection. We have never used this word "inspection" before. We do not like it! It is not accurately descriptive of either the manner or the motif of our camp visits. However, let it stand for the nonce.

We opened this chapter with appreciative reference to the men and women, boys and girls of the western camps. They deserve all we have said of

them. "But," you will ask, "what of their camps? If they are equally worthy of praise, then loosen up and let us know why." So let us hit the trail together, just as it all happened, in that generous-hearted, big-fisted country of the Middle West where the human soul is still measured by the spirit of the psalms more than by the mintage of the marts.

When we rode into Camp Bryn Afon, near Roosevelt, Wisconsin, the sun was setting after a week of rain and dull days. A golden glow burnished the tips of the maples, pines, firs and hardwoods. A spirit of expectancy and diligent activity prevailed. The wind was busy on the lake. Yonder, a great pearl and black cloud bank was hastening eastward, while the retiring sun had hung its daintiest flesh-tinted draperies on the eastern sky. It was such a sunset as one sees in a lifetime of gazing and dreaming! Bryn Afon, one of the loveliest of camps the world over, was in a transport of youthful joy and glow!

Miss Lotta B. Broadbridge, the directress of Bryn Afon, is the personification of camp courtesy, womanly grace and hospitality. Into all this we had wandered at a busy time—a time of imminent festivity, for the annual camp water carnival was to be given that night in the presence of a large audience from round-about. Also there was present that distinguished food expert and health advocate of national renown, Dr. Harvey W. Wiley,

of Washington. Although eighty years young, he had traveled to Wisconsin to lecture to the girls of Bryn Afon on the life-saving qualities of brown bread as distinguished from the death-dealing effects of white bread. He told them how his United States Government Department had experimented with thirty-six healthy young chickens to test the relative virtue of whole wheat bread and white bread. The test covered a period of thirty days. A group of twelve chickens were fed on water only; another on water and whole wheat bread; a third on water and white bread. At the end of thirty days the chickens that had been fed on water only were alive, in fair condition and ready to eat the buttons off a poncho; those that had been fed on whole wheat bread and water were in excellent condition and as full of spirit as a prehistoric bottle of Gordon Gin; but the third group which had been fed on white bread and water had all died—passed out, croaked, kicked-the-bucket, gone west! Since that memorable object lesson, all the sensible girls of Bryn Afon have eaten whole wheat bread and no other kind of bread. *Verbum sap!*

We, too, eat only dark bread. Its manifest virtues were first impressed upon us from the rear, when our big, Mack-truck-type juvenile nurse in Maryland swatted us irately for questioning its wholesome, health-giving quality. Since that early day we have learned that dark bread is unpopular only because it is seldom made by a com-

petent breadmaker. It is generally made by a concrete mixer and served as dry and tasteless as dehydrated alfalfa cakes for diabetic cows. And there is a decided difference between the human and the bovine palate.

At this camp we discovered a brown bread (as they call it) which every camp in the land should adopt. It is exceedingly attractive in taste and texture, and as nourishing as any bread can possibly be. Here is the formula :

RECIPE FOR THREE LOAVES OF WHOLE WHEAT BREAD

13½ cups of wholewheat flour

1 quart of lukewarm water

2 ounces of lard

2 tablespoonfuls of salt

3 tablespoonfuls of sugar

1 ounce of yeast (dissolve in 1 cup of lukewarm water)

1½ cups of milk

Turn in Bread Mixer for seven minutes, and then let stand for four hours.

Place dough in three buttered bread tins, size 8½x3½x2¾, and let stand in warm place for twenty minutes.

Bake in slow oven for one hour.

The Bryn Afon water carnival was wonderfully artistic and beautiful in its symbolic intention. The girls were limited to the material in camp or such material as they could make in camp from natural products, textiles, paint, tinsel and colored

papers. Fourteen canoes, each symbolic of something romantic, artistic, historic, dramatic, geographic, adventurous, spiritual or of natural flora and fauna, were paddled through a lagoon before those assembled on the shore, while appropriate music by the Glee Club was being played. The lagoon was formed by erecting a balsam camp cabin on a float to form the background of the water-stage, while hooded footlights were affixed to a long timber anchored in the foreground. These latter lights, as well as those on the float, were colored, and cast their weird ghules upon the canoes as they floated past. A herald, stationed before the mast of a yacht, anchored within the scene, called the decorated craft to the review with a bugle blast. On the fir-bedecked dock extending into the lake a score of camp girls thumped mandolins and other stringed instruments to lend glamour and melody to the enchantment of a moonlit night. On the shore a wide low campfire kept the audience from freezing to death. Overhead, old Jupiter Pluvius was trying hard to spoil the fun. But he didn't, after all.

The canoe floats were all so extraordinarily well draped, decorated and dramatized that the three of us who were appointed to judge them for prizes, found it quite impossible to do exact justice. The exhibits were all works of genius, and reflected not only great credit upon this camp for the resourcefulness and vivacious vision of the girls; but upon

all camps of competent cultural character where the arts and crafts are successfully taught. It was, indeed, amazing that out of mere incidental camp, forest and water material such symbolic beauty could have been produced in two short days. The titles of some of the canoe floats which we recall, were: Spirit of the Night—The Peacock—The Butterfly—The Rainbow—Japan—Egypt—The Pirates—The Indians—Music.

Three Lakes, Wisconsin, is a significant camp region. Here Nature has done her part in generous fashion. Camps Idyle Wyld, Minne-Wonka Lodge and Minne-Wonka are three interesting, well-organized camps under the direction of men and women of force and character.

Camp Idyle Wyld is directed by Mr. and Mrs. Leo Abner Bishop. Mrs. Bishop is the enterprising Secretary-Treasurer of the Western Section of the Camp Directors Association. Her husband is one of the best-equipped trail makers, hike guides and sportsmen in the Mid-West. He is a naturalist, a trained forester and wilderness hunter—just such a big, hardy type of camper as boys and girls acclaim their hero. In his camp Mr. Bishop is the handiest-handed camp craftsman we know west of the Adirondack baked-bean-line. Dan Beard, Dr. J. Wilford Allen, Dr. DeMerritte, H. W. Gibson, Charlotte Gulick, Dr. William G. Vinal, and a lot of the younger school of nature lore experts, ought to know Chief Bishop of Camp Idyle

Wyld. A distinguishing activity of this camp is its trailcraft training on cruise and hike. "What to do and how and when and where to do it—when there is nothing anywhere to do it with," would be a trite and flippant way of indicating the wilderness problem which Mr. Bishop teaches our youth to solve. The inspirational and cultural activities in the camp are carried on effectively by an efficient staff of counselors led by Mrs. Bishop in a very human way.

When Mr. and Mrs. Leslie W. Lyon laid out beautiful Minne-Wonka Lodge they must have had divine guidance. It is a tight, bright little group of buildings in a setting of natural loveliness. You wonder how intelligent the birches, pines and spruce must have been to plump down in just the right places and grow to an ideal height and let the sun and shade dapples filter over all that pretty bower of sylvan charm and fir-scented beauty. The lake, too, hugs a shore ideally above its smiling face. One cannot question the human snugleness of a little lake that hugs a shore so girl-animated! And such girls! As we looked upon their squatting forms on the floor of the Lodge the while we uttered words of wisdom and folly and hope and good cheer, we held a heart full of gratitude for the Lyons who had reared such a wholesome spirited brood of vibrant girls. It is a great privilege camp directors have—this building and rebuilding of human health, character, informed

spiritually-tempered intellects, and agile young bodies as brown as Spanish walnuts! And it is only the exceptionally-gifted adult who is qualified to exercise this exceedingly important social privilege. Mr. and Mrs. Lyon possess the genius that summons beauty, comfort, culture and an abiding onward spirit wherever they pitch their tents in the silent places of the West.

Not far away Dr. F. H. Everhardt has a pepful boys' camp which he governs, we fancy, with a rod of common sense and a bouquet of ideals. We sipped a cup of coffee with Dr. Everhardt while listening to these ideals, and we absorbed both with a lively interest. The boys were trying to pull off a tennis and swimming meet with another camp, while our old unrelenting trail follower, Jupiter Pluvius, tried his best to spoil the contests. Those Minne-Wonka boys pay no attention to anything designed to interfere with their camp joys. We suppose they even overlook their highly-charged preceptor at times and go right on as if all Nature belonged to them. That is the boy-way of life, anyway. Still, there are lucid intervals when a man of fifty knows almost as much as a boy of fourteen, and we do think that, at least at such times, he ought to be permitted to utter himself—with or without a club. However, Dr. Everhardt's boys are a rugged lot of scrambling, jumping, yelling, diving, swimming, playful youngsters, and a camp is the only place for such boys

every summer—no matter what pa thinks and ma says. What do they know of camps who have never had camp-training?

Think of an island of three thousand acres of pine and hardwood forest, miles of sandy beach, one of the largest lakes on this continent laving its shores and a lovely lake in its very heart; with hundreds of deer and other wild animals, and right in the midst of all this under three million acres of glorious sky, a large girls' camp of exceptional organization, equipment and individuality. It sounds like a scene from Paul de Kock, the Dickens of France.

So far as we know, this, the Chambers Island Camp, is the largest private camp site in the United States. It is owned by Dr. and Mrs. E. J. Barrett, of Sheboygan, Wisconsin. The camp is under the enterprising direction of Mrs. Florence K. Tuttle, of Milwaukee, and a staff of some forty-odd counselors and aides.

Of course it was raining when we reached Fish Creek, the farthest north old fishing village in Wisconsin, and the port from where one sails for Chambers Island, eight miles out in Green Bay. And wasn't it fortunate that Dr. Barrett and his sea-going launch were at the wharf to take us over—having had no sign of our coming. On a camp tour notices of arrival and schedules of departure are utterly impracticable. We just keep on going on. If we are to get anywhere, all the niceties of

social method are necessarily abandoned. That Green Bay rain was the wettest we had enjoyed in several years. It went right through our mackintosh, continued on through our gaberdine coat and knickers, seeped through our skin, over-flooded our alimentary canal and inundated our Maine shoe-packs. However, Dr. and Mrs. Barrett observed that the wetting didn't dampen our appetite, as we sat beside young Jack Barrett and fell upon a late dinner. Dressed in a pair of Dr. Barrett's dry balloon-tired trousers and a khaki coat as big as a tent, we were presently *au fait* again before the lodge fire and a hundred and thirty-odd jolly camp girls.

Then Mrs. Barrett and Mrs. Tuttle said some nice things about a man who had seen more camps than there were in the world, and when we heard they were talking about us we got up on our wet legs and had a real good "feast of reason and flow of soul"—as Will Rogers wouldn't say—talking to the Chambers Island Camp girls. These girls are as bonnie a lot of lively young women as you'll ever meet in this world and maybe—the next.

We were finally put to bed in a sumptuous apartment with open plumbing, open windows and open-work screens in the doors. The moon had been hung up right over our porch. As we sank into a pillow of dreams we heard the camp lake lapping the shore—as if it loved it.

At daybreak the next morning young Jack—a

fine boy of good camp stuff—and we got aboard several horses and cantered off over a thirty-mile forest trail through the island. Our mount was a fine old bird of a horse, with seven gaits a minute and the best overhung twig and branch shot on which we ever dodged trees. We did not keep the score, but our head certainly knocked off enough kindling wood to last the camp three or four years. When this kindling has all been used we may take another jackrabbit ride in that forest—and maybe we won't.

Chambers Island was the private estate of Mrs. Barrett's father. Some time after his death his daughter and her husband conceived the idea of establishing what might easily become one of the largest girls' camps in the West. There is room on the island for a score of camps. The structures are of the permanent residential type with the exception of the cabins, toilet house and other camp buildings. These are of forest design and rustic finish.

One of the best camp shows we ever witnessed was that at Chambers Island Camp. Toodie Gallagher, a cheer leader, is the camp jester, and her facile wit and banter make the camp a merry place wherever Toodie abounds. And she abounds everywhere. Mollie Radford, whom we met at the Fairlee Swimming Conference, had charge of the water sports and her sister, Ruth, was the dramatic leader. But how can a mere camptrail hound in-

dedicate all the spirited girls of this wonderful camp? There were so many and they were all so lovely. There are times when one wishes he were writing a whole set of books wherein to do approximate justice to the thrills in a girls' camp.

All these western girls were thrills—their lives were geared for the adventures of every living day. They were unafraid, they were natural and eager, and always wood and water sprites of grace and charm and a bounding spirit. Play is a moral force no less than work and prayer. Those who do not play while young never find its sweetness afterward. Children, girls and boys, all youth should play much and with zest, lest they never reach the realms of imagery and illusion. And life without imagination, without illusion, is a gray life without the rosy, colorful tints of human warmth and vision. These are the cultural increment of the highminded camp, north, east, south or west. Camp-trained youth becomes the positive, the dynamic adult; the only kind of citizen who can serve the public weal. There is no religion of greater social force, than the unconscious religion of the open. God's voice is the voice of Nature. No boy or girl, man or woman can live in its presence without gaining in spiritual insight and in worldly understanding. These were our thoughts as we sat outside the Chambers Island Camp Lodge, while youth was singing camp songs around the blue and orange fire within.

MID-WESTERN CAMPS

On the mainland, about two miles from Fish Creek, Camp Meenagha thrives year after year. This camp is one of the pioneers of the region. It has a senior and a junior camp about a mile apart and both enterprises are going forward under able and attentive direction. Mrs. A. O. Clark and Mrs. F. W. Mabley are camp women of experience and vision, and they are creating a large following of alumni who have had the benefit of their devoted teaching and inspirational guidance.

These camps are on state reserve lands and therefore protected in perpetuity. At Camp Meenagha the girls enjoy a natural dramatic amphitheatre in a field and grove where some of the best of the shorter plays are produced each season. Thus, in a camp which has been kept as woodsy as practicable, we found the arts and a sound and enterprising campcraft sustaining each other in a very satisfying manner. Our visit was an altogether pleasing experience. It began with an unhurried tour of both camps and ended with a helpful campfire talk in the Lodge, while the rain did its daily dozen drizzles outside. With so much rain in Wisconsin last summer one does not need to wonder at the lack of it in the East this fall.

Camp Winnepe, near Eagle River, Wisconsin, is a live boys' camp on a site of enchanting views of woods and waters. It has one of the finest sports fields in the country. It is abundantly equipped and its essential structures are of the serviceable

type. There is nothing namby-pamby about Camp Winnepe. In Homer L. Thomas and his large staff it has competent direction *in the right direction*. Its boys are a happy well-trained, well-fed, well-tented and contented lot of virile youngsters. Also it has a real, live bear who wrestles, climbs trees, upsets canoes, eats candy, chews gum and scratches himself in grotesque manner. Few camp sites east or west excel Winnepe's immediately around its lodge. We wish also, that we had space to dwell upon the genuinely wholesome spirit of the men, women and boys of this camp. Our campfire talk at Winnepe was a hearty and an hospitable evening, and if we had possessed a seventy-five-dollar bill, we would certainly have handed it the next morning to the jovial-faced cook for that good, flapjackitous breakfast!

Forest Ranger Hassett, of Manitowish River, took us in his old tree-climbing Ford sitzbath to see Sherwood Forest Camp, at Springstead, because our own little car had the asthma *cum* heaves, and wouldn't go. Our visit was well worth the fifty-odd miles over rough and hummocky trails. While the camp was easily accessible from the South, from the North a spavined Ford generally disarticulates your bones and piles them on the floor. So we arrived at the camp in disarray, but met a very sensible and charming head counselor in Miss Constantine.

Sherwood Forest Camp has a wide reputation

for its good quality, the character and social station of its girls, and for its efficient organization. Its site is in a pine grove of great beauty and charm. The lake is safe and attractive, and the log lodge and cabins are altogether camplike and comfortable. There is no summer resort aspect here; all is in simple, useful forest character. During the absence of the director, Dr. Laura Orvis Parsons, the counselors and girls of Sherwood Forest made our visit one of much interest and pleasure.

Camp Osoha is another charming Wisconsin camp on a fine lake, in a region of good camps. Mrs. Robert Snaddon, one time head counselor in the Luther Gulick Camps in Maine, in a thoroughly qualified camper. Mr. Snaddon, a graduate of the University of Wisconsin, is also an experienced camper and has specialized in a study of the educational value of guided play. We arrived at Osoha on Sunday morning, attended its services and had the privilege of speaking to its members on the widening boon of the summer camp and the ennobling influence of directors like Mr. and Mrs. Snaddon, whose spiritual interest in their devoted work it is a pleasure to behold. This camp has an exceptional arts and crafts department and a counselor therein whose talent is of a very high order, indeed. His decorative skill is beyond cavil and his ability to carve up a billiard ball and

create *objets d'art* out of the uninteresting bolus, is something to marvel at. His quotations painted as decorative friezes on the walls of some of the camp buildings, were very beautiful.

Not far away, on Trout Lake, Red Arrow Camp is an example of intelligent structural camp layout. The buildings form a quadrant in timber so tall you wonder what the weather may be up there amongst the pine tops. The lodge, cabins and other buildings are of logs, well set up and chinked. The lakeshore is within five hundred feet and the lake is very beautiful. Nearby, is a canoe brook—Trout River—which enables the boys to cruise west into many other lakes and streams. Indeed, this region is jeweled with lakes, and canoe cruising has, therefore, become one of the major camp activities of the West.

This is a virile boys' camp under excellent direction. Its baseball wallop generally knocks out all neighboring athletic camps, and its swimming members frequently win all water sport honors. Mr. C. H. Rasmussen, the director, is a man whom the boys would follow anywhere over or under water, up a tree or down a hole. Although a "regler feller" with his boys, as agile in play as they are, he has the knack of enforcing a reasonable discipline at all times. A large camp, its vigorous seasons of boy adventure have attracted many boys year after year. It is a peculiarly western camp—its practice being the individual expression

of the director and his staff—fine fellows, all.

It was Sunday when we rode into Camp Highlands, near Sayner, Wisconsin. The big camp was in full swing, and its activities were many and varied. The boys had just listened to an inspiring address by Rev. Wm. Chalmers Covert, D.D. of Chicago, whose kindly human interest in Highlands' boys have endeared him to thousands of campers. Dr. Monilaw, the director, was busy, as camp directors are on Sundays and other days; but he personally piloted us all over the camp and revealed its extraordinary development of site, plan and structures, practical and ethical activities and a brand new sports field in which he evinced justifiable pride. The doctor is a born builder. He believes in constructive work that will serve those who can develop only by such camp service as he is providing every moment of every day. The new memorial recreation hall, in honor of his deceased son, is a fine building and its appointments are a sound expression of the camp's appreciation of the manly boy who was a great joy to his fellows and family while he lived.

An adult camp adjoins the boys' camp and proves what we have been preaching, namely, that adult camps are coming into the camp world and rounding it out into a social institution for all the members of the family—old as well as young. Highlands is one of the oldest camps in the Middle

West and one of the progressive organizations of its camp life.

Camp Minocqua, on Tomahawk Lake, and Pottawattamie Lodge for adults, are under the same direction. These are outstanding camps on a superb body of water, a lake from which hundreds of miles of canoe cruising may be taken by boys and girls, men and women. This is the home of the fighting muskalunge, and the village of Minocqua is a veritable mecca for devotees of the rod and line. When a band of local sportsmen discovered that the founder and first editor of *Field and Stream* was in town, they rounded us up and insisted that our camp tour would lack a big thrill if we did not cast off and get after a musky. We were sorely tempted. In fact, we remarked violently upon that self-denial which we were forever practicing on these camp tours. Could there be anything more appropriate than that we should go forth upon Tomahawk's waters and experience again the thrills we had in our youth, when we played the muskies in the north and the tarpon, tuna and bonito in the south. But the duties of the trail beckoned and we shut our eyes and ears and sped away to see Dr. John P. Sprague at his spirited camp—Minocqua.

Out on the point where Pottawattamie Lodge houses a happy company of fathers and mothers, Dr. Sprague's associate, Mr. Joseph S. Wright, built himself as jolly a log cabin as you'll find

anywhere. It is a little dream cabin of barked logs and rustic furniture and little gee-gaws here and there to surprise and delight its guests. And the trail between the camp and the cabin is one of the loveliest underfoot and overhead in this beautiful old bump-dented world.

Colonel William F. Thorpe is doing yoeman service at Pelican Lake, perfecting a new boys' camp.

He has an exceptionally fine site, which was formerly that of a large hunting and fishing club. The lodge is an immense building of large, organized sleeping and refectory capacity, in which adults may find comfort. The boys' cabins are of the best modern type. There is ample equipment for all camp purposes. Colonel Thorpe's leadership in his school and camp is always forceful and winning. Camp Thorpe is destined to achieve much.

It has been our self-imposed rule of camp conduct never to intrude upon a girls' camp unattended by a member. And when our visits occur on a Sunday, we stop, look, listen and watch our step until we get our best eye on a camper and politely attract her attention. And, it should be observed in passing, that it is a real pleasure to feel the kindly welcome such startled campers invariably extend to the cautious and deferential stranger picking his way, pointer-like, into their camps. Sometimes we see no one; but we hear the

vanishing dinner in the lodge, or the singing at vespers, or the directors inspiring talk, or an awful racket amongst the pots and pans and kitchen folk. These sounds, accurately interpreted, often guide us aright. They deter us, for instance, from blundering into the lodge while meals are being served; from entering and disturbing the vesper room; from interrupting the director's address. All of which, we believe, conduces by example to the proper instruction of our youth who are, withal, not always embarrassingly over-considerate of the orderliness of camps.

All this came into pointed play as we quietly drove to the edge of Camp X, in Wisconsin. We heard singing in the lodge at the vesper hour. We heard a thrush on a hazel bush not far away. We heard the wind souging in the pines and the spumed lake lapping the shore. And as we listened to the sweet measures of the camp's devotional songs, we also heard our heart beat.

Silently we stalked toward the lodge and stood stiffly against the wall on the porch, where we heard the words and music of the service. And there we stood for forty minutes, in rapt attention at the sylvan beauty before us and the spiritual beauty within the lodge.

The directress was reading and speaking to her girls on the infinite grace of character and honor and the finer attributes of girlhood. It was an insinuating, altogether moving talk, which must

have found permanent lodgment in the hearts of all the girls of Camp X. And then at its conclusion there was the flutter and the gentle fussing and fumbling of a big band of lively girls scrambling out into the pine grove, toward the Sunday waffle ovens on the beach.

Camps Ad-a-wa-gam and Minne-Wawa, established by Dr. and Mrs. Ebert, on Tomahawk Lake, a few years ago, were recently reorganized and the latter was made into an adult camp, pending the realization of plans which may restore these desirable properties to the cause of juvenile camping. The boys' camp, Ad-a-wa-gam, is now Camp Swastika and is under the direction of Professor Hardee Chambliss, who is connected with the Catholic University at Washington, D. C. As we were unaware of Swastika's establishment on the site of Ad-a-wa-gam, we failed to visit it. We hope to do so another year. The Ebert camps were amongst the best physically equipped camps in Wisconsin. Dr. and Mrs. Ebert had done much at these camps to give sound expression to worthy camp ideals.

Our trail of the Wisconsin camps this year was necessarily confined to the northern half of that wonderland of lakes, rivers, brooks, Indian reservations and forest preserves. But there are many desirable camps in the central and southern part of the state, all, such as Camps Sandstone, Indianola, the Northwestern University Summer

Session and Wetomachek and others, worthy of our visitation and detailed reference. To have attempted a visit to them this year would have destroyed a practical itinerary within our time and ability to accomplish within the three-months camp season. So we have blazed their trail for next year.

From Wisconsin to Michigan by boat at Manitowoc, thence to Frankfort, and so on north to that land of crystal bays and mirrored lakes, of trout streams and duck marshes, snipe and woodcock bottoms, grouse meadows and partridge thickets and sand trails for hundreds of interesting miles! Michigan is, withal a land of enchantments for the sportsman and camper. Its trout streams alone are a magnetic lure. The Little Platte River, the Boardman, the Baldwin, the Manistee, Big Bear Creek, and that ever winding and unforgettable stream, the Pere Marquette! It makes an angler's pulse rise to 140 in the shade just to think of them and the good fellows of Grand Rapids and other Michigan civilization centers who whip these streams for brown trout and natives often as large as twenty-seven inches and as heavy as seven pounds. Furred and feathered game is still abundant in the Wolverine State because game laws are enforced and a spirit of good sportsmanship prevails.

The region between Little Traverse Bay and Cheboygan, with Mackinaw City at its northern

peak, is one of exceptional camp adaptability. Here are Burt and Mullet Lakes, Douglas Lake, Carp, Pickerel, Crooked and Lark Lakes. The Chautauqua center, Petoskey, a popular Michigan summer watering place, lies on the southern shore of Little Traverse Bay and forms a supply station and gateway for this delightful summer land to which hayfeverites fly in great flocks each sneeze-ful year. But once out of the resort area along the main highway, sneezing ceases, and the best of summer health prevails.

On Indian Point, Burt Lake, a few miles from Brutus, Miss Gertrude Tuttle and Miss Edith Alexander, her assistant, have built a camp which is a work of campcraft genius, if we may so appraise its thoroughly effective facilities for *teaching* girls what western girls ought to learn in a spirited all-round camp. It isn't a wild and shaggy camp, and it does not pretend to stress and rougher conditions and work of the backwoods nature and woodcraft camp. It is not a wilderness camp, albeit a primeval forest stands all around it. About 360 acres of that thicket belong to Camp Pinewood, of which we are now writing.

The Camp Pinewood site is one of infinite charm. It lies on a slight elevation above Burt Lake, with the sun smiling upon every foot of it all day long. The great lake is full of mystery and romance, and its moods are as capricious as the disposition of a badger. A fine launch rides at her buoy off the

long pier. On occasion it sails away with camp girls on long cruises. Captain Baier, her navigator, knows all the fish and eels in Burt Lake and can give their addresses and at what time of day they feed and what kind of bait they'll take on weekdays and spurn on Sundays.

Camp Pinewood is one of the larger girls' camps in the country. It is thoroughly equipped, houses its campers in floored tents grouped in Midget, Junior, Senior II and Senior I divisions. It employs many horses, has a bowling alley, a fine arts and crafts house and a highly qualified arts and crafts counselor. Photography of an expert quality and good music are special camp studies. Outdoor dancing is a popular feature of its daily activities. Each Saturday evening a play is presented by the campers, who make their own costumes and paint the scenery when the performance occurs indoors. In short, Pinewood is a fine, high-minded girls' camp of which all the West should be proud.

Here is an example of Camp Pinewood's talent:

MID-WESTERN CAMPS

THE CAMPER'S CODE

If you can keep a Democratic mind,
To any camper be a steady friend,
Keep free from selfishness of any kind,
Always be glad a helping hand to lend;
If you can show the sort of sporting spirit,
That will not let you lag behind the rest,
If you can enter any sport to cheer it,
And always say at least you tried your best;
If you respect the rights of all the campers
Enough to sacrifice your sport and fun,
And gladly keep a rule, although it hampers,
Because you know it's best for everyone;
If you can do your best nor ask for fame,
Always play fair and never think to cheat,
If you can throw yourself into the game
And never, till the end, admit defeat;
If, when you lose, you finish with a smile,
And if you do not whine then or complain,
The game for its own sake has been worth while
The true good loser need not be ashamed,
If you have won and you consider first,
The feelings of the loser and have tried
Not to make him feel the loss the worse
Because of vaunted vanity and pride;
If you can keep your ideals high and true,
Improve them just a little every way;
If honor means a sacred trust to you
And loyalty stands by you through the day—
If you live up to this and aren't too good,
You've learned the things we learn here at Pinewood.

—Betty Sargent.

When camps, by their teaching, inspire young girls to think as Betty Sargent thinks, parents should sit up, take notice and ponder upon our declaration of last year (Summer Camps—Boys and Girls) namely, “That all children should go to camps as much as they should attend schools.” The camp-trained child is the *superior child*.

Kamp Kee-Mo-Sah-Bee, on Mullet Lake, is nearby. It is a young boys’ camp on a level lake-front east of the main Cheboygan highway running north and south. Chief Charles W. Yeager and his wife operate the camp and keep the boys going with a liberal day’s activities, amongst others, scout axe throwing into a dead tree trunk, a sport which all boys like. We had a very hospitable reception at this camp, from which we drove to Otsego Lake, thence into the thirty-mile swamp where we had the adventure described in another chapter.

At Otsego Lake, Miss E. Pearl Hendershott and her two sisters, have established a new girls’ camp—Geyahi—concerning which they have great hopes—good things to have in campland. Gaylord, a few miles north of Otsego, is called the “Top of Michigan.” Its altitude is 1701 feet.

Grand Traverse Bay and its two great arms extending south, is a very beautiful body of water. It is part of Lake Michigan and on its shores are many villages, summer resorts, hunting lodges, fishing camps and a few organized cultural camps of the kind with which we are dealing. When the

sun goes down into that gray tent floor called Lake Michigan, and casts its warm reflection upon Grand Traverse Bay, one thinks of the Mediterranean after a summer rain. It is entrancing.

Between the long arms of Grand Traverse and Lake Michigan, Leelanau peninsula pushes its tenuous form north to a little neck of land which has become famous as the home of the finest red canning cherries in the country. Here for a few miles the commercial cherry orchard has created not only a large, thriving industry, but a region of spring enchantments unlike anything we have elsewhere. Hundreds of thousands of cherry trees in bloom in May, water on three sides of them and the sun and mist and peculiar air that makes the Cherry Home fruit what it is to every discriminating palate. Is it any wonder that this unique, remote realm of fruit and flowers should be the home of Camp Caho, directed by the daughter of Mr. Francis H. Haserot, one of the founders of Cherry Home, Michigan, nine years ago?

Mr. Haserot and his daughter Margaret, are also the princely hosts of one of the most sumptuous log lodges in the West. Their beautiful forest home is worth hiking across the continent to enjoy. And Camp Caho for girls is just like it, a generously-gearred organization of rugged, wholesome girls and young women who are not afraid of any wind or weather or either end of any spirited horse. Caho is a canoe and horse camp and its

name is composed of the first two letters of the words canoe and horse. We saw some very creditable horsemanship at Camp Caho. Its mistress had a new jumper who took her over some high hurdles for our personal delectation.

The primeval forests around Camp Caho and Cherry Home are an inspiration to wander through. We know, because we hit the trail long before breakfast one morning, lost it, and found ourselves three hours afterward as many miles from camp. And we were wet from feet to neck—in that heavily-dewed land of big juicy red cherries, hospitable homes and anglers like Captain G. M. Dame, the which quality of sportsman it is simply impossible to excel. Next cherry blossom time may see us ailing sufficiently in New York to induce the Boss to let us repair our jaded spirit at Cherry Home, and go down to the Little Platte and keep an appointment with a big brown trout that Captain Dame and his angling friend and critic, Mr. Haserot, have tied under the little bridge near their cabin. Then there'll be some rolls roystering up and down the stream; the waffle iron will perform lively, and three-foot trout will be the subject of every lying gentleman's true story. So may it all come to pass—next blossom time!

South of Camp Caho we came upon Camp Leelanau, near Omena, the site of which has great possibilities for a girls' camp. There are a few other camps in the region north of Sutton's Bay; but our

time is all too short and we hasten down around the shore of West Bay, east through Traverse City and up the shore of Torch Lake, which, by the way, the National Geographic Magazine declares is nearly the most beautiful lake in the world. It is, indeed, a very beautiful water, with a lot of good and some poor shore. Camp Wanalda for girls and Camp Fairwood for boys are on the east shore, where conditions are in all respects suitable. Camp Fairwood has an extraordinarily fine site, its property lying on a point about twenty-five feet above the lake. Camp Wanalda, one of the newer western camps (it is four years old, but well developed) occupies a grove of cedars and hardwoods toward the north end of the lake. As we had driven down from Eastport on the north, we visited Wanalda first, and came upon it in the evening as it was holding its final banquet, awarding honors, reading the Camp Log and presenting a picture of the season's activities and achievements to a large number of assembled parents and other guests. The scene was impressive in that beautifully decorated lodge room with a hundred tanned camp girls and their interested guests listening eagerly to the reports of the directors, Miss Ada L. Whitney and Miss Nina A. Weeks. When an honor award was announced the racket could be heard in either Washington city or the state—the camp being about midway between these quiet places. But it was a wholesome, lung-ven-

tilating racket, as fully justified as the coyeted awards. Every honor girl got hugged and kissed and fussed over and fondled until she cried from sheer pleasure—not pain. What does a real camp girl care about the displacement of her nose, ears, mouth and neck, in these heartfelt and affectionate assaults and batteries? Nothing! Recalling our long-haired, blue-eyed and amorous youth, we envied both the assailants and the assailed in this very human and very charming exchange of youthful emotion. It is good to keep our emotions alive, for when the emotions are dead, we are, too!

Wanalda has an inspirational leader who is manifestly beloved by everybody at the camp. And when you meet Miss Elsie Pyle, senior counselor, you'll understand why her intimate counsel to camp girls and her inspiring confidence-winning little Sunday preachments have endeared her to the Wanalda campers. She is a mother, sister, brother and father to them all—the kind of counselor a young girl describes in another chapter. When, therefore, a special camp honor was awarded to Miss Pyle, we thought everybody in the place had gone crazy—such was the wild acclaim, tumult and frolic around this gracious camp idol.

Wanalda's site is romantic. There the Chipewa Indian trails crossed and recrossed the shores of beautiful Torch Lake. There great groves of cedar, hemlock, balsam and birch make a very lovely forest camp ground. In the chapter on

“Camp Management and Practice” which we had hoped to include in this volume, we refer to the stress being put upon dietetics by the most progressive camps, and cite the Wanalda *cuisine* as an instance.

Camp Fairwood, also on the east shore of Torch Lake, lies six miles south. Captain and Mrs. M. F. Eder, of Cincinnati, Ohio, direct it. The boys are exceptionally fortunate in this site. Their sports field is unexcelled. Horsemanship and long camping trips are special features of this rugged camp. Our arrival was late, the boys having left camp the previous day. Sunshine blazes upon this enterprising camp from all sides and the views from the point are superb. Boys are fortunate to spend a summer in such a region and upon such a site under the attentive direction of trained, high-minded, inspirational leaders. Fairwood is a good boys' camp of excellent all-round equipment and sound camp practice. It is gratifying to see such a fine property devoted to the physical, mental and moral development of American youth.

Camp Interlochen, on Green Lake, at Interlochen, Michigan, is a very genuine body of earnest campers under the direction of Mrs. Christina E. Pennington, a camp woman of definite aims and ideals. This is a woodsy camp, with simple structures well arranged. The organization is effective and its contact with the individual camper appears to have a human quality and a character all

its own. The girls in this fine little camp seemed to be very happy and contented—as they must be under such inspirational leadership. Mrs. Pennington is an active member of the Western Section of the Camp Directors Association, in which her work is always ardent and progressive. She is the type of spiritual camp leader who wins the confidence and love of children and their parents everywhere.

On Duck Lake, a few miles north, Camp Penn Loch for boys occupies a long shore front and carries on in the manner of a band of husky youngsters who like the open range, the wind and lots of water. It was on this site that we found a fine specimen of the earth-star fungus. It resembled a tiny starfish—one of the lowest forms of animal life. Penn Lock boys are under the care of sturdy leaders who teach them the ways of resourceful, self-reliant men of character.

On our way South we visited Camp Osoha, at Benzonia, of which Mrs. B. G. Mattson is the director. This camp is establishing itself on the shore of Crystal Lake and solving the water sport problems which have beset it during its present situation, half a mile from that lake. We spent an interesting halfday with Mrs. Mattson in her car looking for a new campsite, and it is gratifying to know that she has found a property upon which her love for children and her camp craft genius may have full scope. By the way: this directress

writes one of the best camp booklets we have read, and her illustrations are works of art.

Camp Arbutus at Mayfield, Michigan, has a very attractive position on a ridge between two lakes. It is remote from public highways, in a dense forest, very effectively parked around the camp buildings. Miss Edith A. Steere and her sister direct it. There is a goodly group of girls under efficient organization, and the camp activities are those generally carried on in modern girls' camps. All structures are in good character and condition. Trout fishing nearby has made the region known to western anglers.

Near Manistee, Dr. Noble Hill directs Camp Tosebo, the summer school of Todd Seminary, at Woodstock, Illinois. This camp is on the edge of a small village (Red Park); but the boys are housed in tents on a fine hill above it where they also have their sports campus. The main lodge is a large commodious building in the village. The camp is popular with boys and parents, the result of Dr. Hill's excellent camp and school methods and his sympathetic companionship with his boys. The lake, one-fourth mile away, has a good sandy beach and the water is excellent for swimming, sailing and motorboating.

Camp Pottawottamie, occupying an island in Gull Lake, Michigan, is the camp of the Kellogg School of Physical Education. It is under the spirited direction of Miss Henrietta Riddell. It

is on one of the most comfortable sites in Michigan, in the very heart of a resort region, and so well groomed that the camp seems more like the large summer home of a refined family. Dean Linda G. Roth, of the Kellogg School of Physical Education, is a regular lecturer at the camp, principally on special physiology and hygiene for girls. Gull Lake is a large resort water, the west shore of which is occupied by the sumptuous homes of many of Michigan's leading citizens. When we visited Pottawottamie the camp was closed. However, an island neighbor's Airedale greeted us enthusiastically—but at the wrong end of ourself. So after freely giving our unkindest regards to the dog we hastened to an inn on the mainland and tried to sleep on a bed that was evidently not meant for the purpose. When, may we ask again, will aborigines discover that a bed is the most important piece of furniture in all the world? However, a sight of beautiful Pottawottamie Camp, was adequate compensation. This camp is a leader in western physical education.

The last camp we visited in Michigan was Camp Neecarnis, near Baldwin, a few miles from the Baldwin River and the same distance from that famous trout stream of 125 miles—the Pere Marquette. If there is a more beautiful trout stream in the United States, we desire to see it next spring. On the Pere Marquette the angler can fish all day and wade up or down stream four miles. Then he

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can go ashore and find himself from seven to ten feet from his own camp, that is, from where he started. We know of no river east or west where one can wade off so far and land at the starting point. Michigan sportsmen have certainly arranged that river comfortably.

Camp Neecarnis was an enjoyable finalé of our western tour. Its directress, Miss Edith P. Holt, graduate of the Department of Physical Education of Teachers College, Columbia University, established Neecarnis on Big Star Lake in 1921, at an altitude of 1050 feet. The site lies about forty feet above the lake and is one of the most desirable in the Middle West. Neecarnis is Chippewa and means "The place of good friends." And this camp is certainly a place of good friends. Even Michigan cows thought so the night a bunch broke into it and started a post-season camp of their own, while Mr. Holt and we went forth with clubs and flashlights to pray with them. That became one of the funniest cattle round-ups in the history of the Northwest. But we will pass the cows, except to say that Lassie the camp dog got the fright of her life and nearly passed out.

It was evening and the final Neecarnis banquet was being laid when we arrived—travel-stained and eye-strained after ten weeks constant driving in ten kinds of inclement weather. Besides, we had recently lain in a swamp a night and a day, wherefore our clothes looked as if we had been imported

from a Russian caviar factory in the hold of a tramp ship. So we ventured into the presence of the lovely girls of Neecarnis and their hosts of assembled parents and friends with feelings akin to a workhouse sentence at a police court. There are times "when a feller needs a friend" on an adventurous camp tour through the wilderness, to see that his nine hairs are on straight and that his wild face still approximately resembles him. But Miss Holt, being a woman of quick perceptions, welcomed us with an open cabin and all its ablutionary conveniences, the which made us as grateful as that fish which while being fried looked up at an Attic cook with grateful glances for his kindly manner and superb pancraftsmanship. After we had transformed ourself from a lost tramp to an invited guest we sat us down at the best provisioned banquet table and beheld as lovely a scene as we ever saw during our years of enforced seriousness. The big camp house was packed to the utmost porch rail with the loveliest of Michigan's lovely girls, bravest fathers, gracious mothers and big brothers. On our right sat Miss Holt, mistress of it all, and on our left Kathleen Widdicombe and her sister Margaret, daughters of the best shot and one of the best anglers in the State, Ralph H. Widdicombe, of Grand Rapids. And beautiful Mrs. Widdicombe, with her marvelous camp complexion, sat in the offing with her husband and watched the fun like a girl of twenty-

one. The moon, also, attended the banquet and looked in and stayed out all that entrancing night.

Much transpired which we should enjoy recalling to the reader; but the next camp season is hastening toward us and we must refrain. Again, as at camp Wanalda, the girl on our left was awarded the honor as the season's best camper. And, what is more than merely the fact, she was Kathleen Widdicombe. So it seems that we are a real camp mascot when the girl on our left always gets the highest camp honor.

That final Neecarnis night ended its camp season in a very impressive manner—a golden night after a golden day, which no camp girl ever forgets. What we were privileged to say to Neecarnis girls, and to their leaders and guests, doesn't matter. But their appreciation and that of their friends and parents encourages us to go westward again and visit other big-hearted western camps where, as east and south, human ideals are being realized out where silence speaks and the noises of the world are mute.

We meditate upon our tour of the mid-western camps with considerable satisfaction. They are going forward in a work in which they have evidently enlisted their major energies and better ideals. Having regard to the comparatively short period of their development, we are bound to accord them unstinted praise for results so far achieved. They are virile. They love the higher

camp purpose in its relation to boys and girls. They are advantageously remote from great centers of population. They are largely off the main-traveled roads, and the air to and from them is not, as yet, a blue streak of carbon monoxide to keep throât and lung specialists busy and make *mephitis mephistica* sniff and say "Oh, pshaw, what's the use."

Eastern camps, many of whom have served as models for western camps, may well take pride in the latter's robust growth and their extension of eastern camp fundamentals toward the west. There is a natural confraternity between these camp groups which, through the annual and sectional meetings of the Camp Directors Association, should lock arms in a common endeavor to bring home to the American family the fact that *every* child needs a camp training as much as a school education; a physical education even before a higher mental training is possible. The day is upon us when the individual who cannot do many things in a spirit of competent leadership must fall back into the ruck and rout of pitiful dependence and mediocrity!

CHAPTER VII

THE COUNSELOR BUG

Misconceptions, Often Exceedingly Funny, of the Office of Camp Counselor—"I'm Sure I'd Be a Daisy Camp Counsiler to Children Bekaws my Ancesters Were All Children Once"—Another's Qualification Is "a little Lung Trouble"—The Right End of a Mule to Holler At—The Serious Character, Training and Natural Equipment Required in the Desirable Camp Counselor—"Counselor" or "councilor"—which? Errors in Application—A Uniform Title Desirable—Ideal Counselors Described by Camp Directors—The Aerial Isolation of Certain Directors and Counselors—Two Juvenile Conceptions of the Camp Counselor.

This bug is a comparatively new hemipter in American entomology. And it is an interesting specimen of that type of bebugged life with which camp directors are being more and more beset.

A vast amount of correspondence has been addressed to us since the publication of "Summer Camps—Boys and Girls," in which young, spirited, ambitious boys and girls and older persons of both sexes, as well as idle drifters in spirit and purpose, have set forth how they'd like to be counselors in a first-class camp "rightaway." Most of them have convinced themselves that they would make

ideal counselors without having ascertained what counselors are, or what they do, or how they do it. Such details are only windfalls across the trail, to be vaulted and spurned.

The larger number of these letters have come from persons without any camp or woodcraft experience. Some of these almost recognize the fact that the leaves of trees belong above, while the roots are properly below, the ground. Others write as if it would be a jolly fine way to spend the summer at the expense of a plethoric camp director. Many utterly fail to sense the first fundamentals of a counselor's qualifications and duties, the necessary skill of body, the essential spirit and culture of mind and heart. Some write as if a camp counselor were a camp janitor and handyman or woman. Others see the camp as a bedlam boarding-house; still others see it as a sordid money-making business which directors engage in during their idle summers. It is amazing to find that less than one individual out of twenty possesses the faintest glimmer of the serious and inspiring work required of the qualified camp counselor. Wrote one of them recently:

"I feel that I have a great future ahead of me as a camp counsiler, bekaws I am thoroughly able to take charge of children in the country, as all my ansestors were farmers living the simple life away from the awful sin of Broadway and other dreadful places in

our big cities. We have always had cows, horses, pigs and poultry in the family, and it seems to me a girl well acquainted with these wholesome outdoor animals would know more about camps than city girls that don't know where milk comes from, or which end of a mule to holler at when you want him to go."

If we should publish our humorist's reply to this vixenish maiden of forty-two coats of summer tan, our camp friends would suffer pleuritic blowouts.

A young man of twenty-four wrote:

"I have a little lung trouble—not contagious, you know, and if I could hook up as a councillor in a quiet camp where the life isn't too strenuous and the work too hard, I could get over my trouble and make a little needed money besides."

One need not comment on the preposterous character of these proposals, nor upon the absurd conception such would-be counselors have of the cultural summer camp. In the woman's case the qualification was an intimate, sympathetic friendship with the cow; in the young man's, "a little lung trouble." One feels like pressing the buzzer for Dean Swift and his satirical capacity to do justice to but these two, out of hundreds of similar misconceptions of the office of camp counselor!

It would be useful, as a reply to applicants, if the Camp Directors Association published for dis-

semination by its members an adequate description of the ideal novice, junior and senior counselor—the boys and girls, men and women who would be qualified or who could from a raw state be trained to serve the camp cause. At present the romantic, often superficial notion nearly everyone outside of campcraft has of what is or will make a camp counselor is a positive deterrent in the development of counselor material. Boys and girls will have to learn more of what constitutes an efficient counselor before they can undertake intelligently directed studies and training to qualify for this highly important and comparatively new profession. For within another decade the Educational World will recognize the two new professions of Camp Director and Camp Counselor. And the latter will have to be more than a friend of pigs and poultry or have “a little lung trouble.” Their friendship will be founded on that catholic quality which makes them *natural* leaders of mankind, and their troubles will be of the heart, not of the lungs.

Among many constructive measures which the Camp Directors Association will have the opportunity of inaugurating, one, it seems to us, is so simple and important that we urge its early consideration. We refer to the variant use of the word councilor, councillor, counselor and counselor. Directors in their camp booklets use one of these titles to describe all their camp leaders and many of their executives. It is evident that a

director's individual concept of the position and function of a camp leader determines his or her use of the title. But this confusing use of the word has undoubtedly reacted unfavorably upon intelligent parents and campers. We have heard the charge made by careful readers that directors were in error in their English when they used the word "councilor," while an equal number of parental and juvenile critics have disputed the correctness of "counselor" or "counsellor."

The words have an altogether different meaning and cannot properly be used as alternatives.

A *councilor* is a member of a council, an organized, more or less permanent assembly or governing body, like a Cabinet, Board of Aldermen, Parliament, Chamber of Deputies, Vestry, etc., whose function is *to govern as a body*.

A *counselor* is a personal adviser, mentor, guide, prompter, whose function is to direct, guide, counsel, control, *advise and instruct individually*, either as a member of a governing body or otherwise.

The question is: What is the real, the valuable function of a camp leader? Does his mere official membership in the camp council or management constitute his value to campers, or is it his personal contact with and guidance, training and direction of individual campers that impart value to his presence in camp, not only to campers but to the camp management? We believe the camp coun-

selor's value to both interests arises entirely from his effective contact with and service to campers. If it should arise from his executive ability in the camp management, he should be designated by an *executive* title, such as manager, secretary, treasurer, auditor, buyer, superintendent, custodian of physical properties, librarian, kitchen king, scullion, sanitarian, construction engineer, forester, boss carpenter, plumber prince, janitor, commissariat or—the Fierce Cook.

A leader's participation in the executive work of the camp's business management does not necessarily make him an inspiring counselor of boys and girls. It is this latter quality, not his executive work, that establishes his character as a guide and mentor and the teacher and counsel of boys and girls.

In our view, therefore, the leaders who have been so indiscriminately designated as councilor and counselor should be distinguished. It is true that counselors often form a camp body known as a Council whose province is advisory and inspirational, as when it gathers with campers around the camp fire for talks, songs, prayers, ceremonials, etc. As members of such a body the camp counselor is, of course, a *councilman*, as we sometimes designate a member of a city Board of Aldermen.

We believe, therefore, that the title "counselor" is the correct designation of a leader who, as we observed in over 300 camps, guides, advises, coun-

sels, prompts and personally directs the individual camper; and that the use of the title councilor, while it may be accepted as meaning a member of the managerial (business) council, has no proper significance in the leadership activities of the cultural summer camp. Such individuals are invariably executives and should be identified by *descriptive* executive titles, among others by such as we have herein suggested.

So why not a uniform spelling and an accurate definition and use of the true title, indicating camp *leaders* as Camp Counselors?

We have asked a number of camp directors in all parts of the country to briefly describe a qualified camp counselor. To respond adequately to that request in a few words was not an easy task. Moreover, there is a distinguishing difference, in our opinion, between the equipment required of men and of women counselors. However, the common qualities which should obtain in both are of interest to all of us. In the descriptions which follow, the counselor is presented as the camp director desires to find that essential camp leader. Following these directorial portraits of a good camp counselor is one from a fourteen-year-old boy camper and one from a sixteen-year-old girl camper, each having had four years camp experience. We believe that all sincere and progressive camp directors will find

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exceptional interest in these youthful conceptions of a counselor. Camp boys and girls have their ideals no less than camp directors. Nothing in campdom is so important to a child as the leaders who guide it through its problems to its recurring happiness day by day.

"A camp is built around personality rather than around equipment; therefore the relation of the counselor to the campers is that of a friend, a pal, a counselor and an advisor and not merely an employee of the camp.

"A counselor is one who is desirous of investing his or her life and time in genuine character-building and looks upon camp as a great field for such an endeavor.

" 'How much can I do? How can I help enrich the life of the campers? How can I be of greater service?' are questions always uppermost in the mind of such a counselor.

"The daily prayer of the counselor should be:

'Help me to make the most of this day.

As my life comes in contact with other lives,
may its imprint be helpful and not hurtful,
for "I shall not pass this way again." '

"With this type of a counselor, the question of salary, time off, sleeping quarters, special privileges and other 'stipulations of the contract' will be minor considerations."

—H. W. Gibson,
Director, Camp Becket-in-the-Berkshires.



AN IDEAL COUNSELOR

"One mature enough to use sane judgment, and young enough to share in the joys resultant from camp activities; sympathetic, with an understanding of the

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demands of youthful enthusiasm, but firm enough not to permit herself to be imposed upon, unafraid to offer constructive criticism, and quick to recognize the futility and danger of gossip; full of enterprise and vitality, but able to conserve her energy in order to be fit for all occasions; mindful of the fact that the summer camp is not a sixty-day athletic meet, but an outdoor school for the improvement in the details of everyday existence to which she, as a Counselor, is to give her conscientious service; possessed of a wholesome point of view toward people and things, and so fundamentally just as to allow her final decisions to be shaped by the best interests of the campers."

—Lotta B. Broadbridge,
Director, Camp Bryn Afon.



"A councillor must first of all realize that his job calls for a twenty-four-hour day. He must be thoroughly equipped to instruct in every phase of his specialty. He must have the cooperative mind and be willing to adapt himself to conditions as he finds them. He must have a personality which, to boys at least, makes it possible to get across to them that which he has to teach. He must be generous. It is natural for a child to be greedy but it is contemptible in a grown man. He should be, beyond any question, a loyal, patriotic son who can teach true patriotism. He should be mentally and physically clean and a personal example by his own life. His impulse to be a councillor must be based upon the sincere desire to help mold the lives of young people."

—Louis E. Lamborn,
Director, Camp Red Cloud and Camp Red Wing.

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"A young woman who desires to qualify as a camp counselor should not only possess personality and leadership, but expect her time and every effort to be devoted to the moral, mental and physical development of the girls with whom it is her privilege to come in contact.

"A counselor should be the most valuable asset of a camp, because she comes into the close contact with the girls in work and play, may inspire by example and be a confidant of secrets and plans.

"A counselor should be old enough to wisely guide and direct, but young enough to participate in the activities that she directs. (Personally I believe a counselor age is best between twenty-five and thirty years.) . . . "

—Mrs. C. F. Towne,
Director, Camp Teconnet.



"The councillor we consider a prize at Eagle's Nest Camp knows her own special job thoroughly, delights in it, and comes prepared to work. She has honest belief in our ideals and real desire to help advance them. She is attractive to look at, healthy, obviously a gentlewoman, her standards of personal conduct are high—she speaks correct English. She is adaptable, loves adventure and the out-of-doors, has a well developed sense of humor and of beauty, is able to see the other person's viewpoint and meet it at least half way. Without any sentimentality or faint trace of priggishness, she thinks of every camper as an inviolate trust and spells Safety—first, last and always—with boldface 'caps.' "

—Carol Purse Oppenheimer,
Director, Eagle's Nest Camp.

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"This particular counselor applied in person. She was eager to come, to learn and to help. She was obviously hoping for a happy summer full of work and play. She frankly could do certain things, but not everything, was willing to be called on for any need, and would try to fill the need of the moment even beyond her specific duties. She worked when she worked with enthusiasm, intelligence and intensity. She played when she played with the evidences of the same qualities. She gave of herself so willingly and abundantly that in return she received as abundantly the love and devotion of girls, counselors and directors. She considered her counselorship a job to be filled completely. Camp was not a place in which to loaf, sleep, eat, read love-letters and fill our campers with pictures of her skill in handling her many admirers. Instead she led and directed our girls so cleverly into channels of right thinking, which in turn manifested itself in right living. She considered it, in her own words, 'a privilege to be a counselor in this camp' and in turn we considered it a privilege to have her."

—Mrs. Alice Orr Clark,
Director, Meenahga Camps.



"A counselor should possess loyalty to the organization; he should be thoroughly familiar with camps and camping; he should come fully prepared for his duties; he should use this knowledge, training and equipment in carrying out his part of the program; he should be adaptable; developed to the extent of having initiative, but not so set as to cause friction and factions; he should be familiar with the policy of the camp and the necessary regulations in connection therewith; he should help out the discipline by setting the right example and furthering the spirit of coöperation; he

should be neat, clean-minded, orderly; he should have a thorough liking for his work and associations; and possess native dignity for entering into their activities, yet maintaining respect and liking.

"Of course, few counselors possess all of these qualities—some acquire them to some extent. Others are now appreciating that camping is very much a profession, and a book such as you have in mind will be very helpful to the camp directors in the carrying on of their work."

—W. E. Sanderson,
Director, Camp Mishike.

THE COUNCILOR PROBLEM

"The best camps are real educational institutions. The best councilors are real educators building not in terms of books, primarily, but in moral standards, in personality, in character; teaching ideals in community living, a religion of the 'out of doors,' of fellowship.

"The men and women who are to carry on this work effectively must first of all have a real love for young people, above personal and financial gain, above thought of selfish gratification.

"They must have experience in careful, thoughtful handling of boys and girls. Counting twenty-four hours to each day as time all too precious to use other than in the work at hand. Willing to face hardships cheerfully, to maintain absolute loyalty to an organization, to plan constructively and to sacrifice many personal pleasures in order to give the most to each youngster.

"The college athlete too often gives too little, expecting everything not only in financial return but in hero worship. Known as a 'big' fellow, a much too important man or woman."

—C. E. Cobb,
Director, Camp Winona, Maine.

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The following excerpts from a pioneer camp director's letter to her counselors are of peculiar interest:

"The camping movement is still in the making. It is astonishing the rapidity with which the country is appreciating our work. Educators are back of us. Those of us who started early are the pioneers. The danger which I try to guard against is fixed traditions. We are going to do new things each year and do the old things better. All practical problems of camp life are undergoing changes. The feeding of a family is different from what it was a number of years ago. The public is beginning to realize that we eat to live and not live to eat.

"It is expected that counsellors will give the same loving care and attention to one girl as to another. We want each girl to get all the benefits which camp has to offer. This largely depends upon you. There is much stimulation at camp and it sometimes happens that an over-ambitious girl wants to win all the honors we have to give in one year. It can't be done. To become a Water-baby and a Little Gypsy in one year is doing well, but so much depends upon age and previous experience that it is impossible to have any fixed expectations. It is an individual affair and we must look after each girl as if she were the only one in camp, and not let anyone overdo.

"I am hoping that you will feel with me the great opportunity which is ours this summer. I know of nothing which can compare to it except motherhood.

Lovingly,"

—Charlotte V. Gulick,

Director, The Luther Gulick Camps.

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Miss Laura I. Mattoon, Secretary of the Camp Directors Association and director of Camp Kehonka, Wolfeboro, New Hampshire, has had many years practical camp experience. Miss Mattoon is progressive, thoroughly in love with her work and has that rational sense of it which imparts value to all her opinions of camp practice, management, ideals and character. This is her idea of a qualified camp counselor:

"The qualifications that are absolutely necessary in all councillors, whether leaders of dramatics, swimming or handcrafts, are simply those that are needed every day, in every kind of work and everywhere.

1. Good, radiant health and well-being that result from a well-balanced day of work, play, rest and wise attention to food.
2. An unbounded and untiring interest in girls and boys, which gives zest to each day and keeps the heart young.
3. A joyfulness in the simple daily tasks of camp and a keen sense of humor that will smooth out the wrinkles of difficult situations.
4. Personal neatness, courtesy and attention to punctuality may seem too simple to mention, but often mar or make the success of a councillor.
5. Ability to handle wisely the responsibility that is necessary for a leader of girls and boys.
6. Trustworthiness in every detail however unimportant the detail may seem to be.
7. Love of growing things and a feeling of 'homeness' in the midst of the fields and woods.
8. Originality and initiative add to the effectiveness of any work with young people.

9. A strong loyalty to the ideals and traditions that belong to the camp and a spirit of co-operation with the camp director are absolutely essential.

“Besides these necessary qualifications, the leaders in each activity in the camp must have a certain amount of experience in the work to be directed.”



At a meeting of the New England Section of the Camp Directors Association, held in Boston on November 8, 1924, the members discussed the relative wisdom of appointing own-camp junior counselors at the age of sixteen or thereabouts, or deferring the bestowal of that honor until the campers were nineteen and over. The meeting seemed to be about equally divided upon the subject—some favoring the development and appointment of own-camp counselors at an early age in the case of well balanced and responsible boys and girls; others arguing against the wisdom of such a course.

It was our observation that no very young counselors had been appointed in the western camps we visited, but that honor campers from year to year had, *ipso facto*, gained the privilege of sitting at all meetings of the camp faculty and council at which matters of camp system, activities and camp welfare were considered. This practice impressed us as commendable for many reasons; among others, for the enhanced honor and responsibility bestowed upon honor campers and their greater likelihood of becoming fully qualified counselors in their own camps. We believe the home-

grown counselor has advantages over the imported stock, all other qualifications being equal. The own-camp counselor, as we will designate him, is a part of the own-camp growth, an essential gleam in its radiance, an historian of its traditions, a devotee of its ideals and an example of its loyalties. There is something in the nature of proprietary responsibility in his or her attitude toward the camp as an educational, character-moulding institution. He has seen other boys grow up in his camp and become a vital part of its higher spirit. He is a counselor in his own camp more from an ethical interest in its welfare than for financial considerations. Finally, the long friendships of his continuing service in his own camp have become precious to him. The lack of many of these considerations in the instance of the new or the casual counselor from without is obvious and need not be specified. On the other hand, the own-camp counselor's greatest danger is atrophy—a hardening of the motivating arteries, a debilitated interest in the progress of other camps, their swifter movement forward, their reforms and betterments. The own-camp counselor should have an occasional Sabbatical year in which his visits to and observations of other camps, their management and practice, would enlarge his vision and recharge his home interests with vigor and a new initiative. The same observations apply to feminine counselors.

In the east we visited several large and financially prosperous camps this year, in which the director

actually boasted of the fact that he or she had never seen another camp and that they hoped they never would see one. Theirs was a smug content with their own and, we regretfully observed, an unreasoning contempt for the greater achievement of others. To look with disdain upon the work of others is the pitiful sign of narrow minds, narrow natures, narrow effectiveness in one's own work. Our observations in the camps where these boasts were uttered confirmed the views we have just expressed; namely, that camp directors who, in the belief that they are delivering an ideal campcraft to their registrants, have avoided all interest in the campcraft of other directors, are deceiving themselves and defaulting in their duty to the children in their charge.

For this reason we advocate an interchange of counselors, reasonable directorial observation of other camps, a common forum, such as the Camp Directors Association ought to be in a few years, and the adoption of a system of vigilant oversight and suppression of the "commercial camp" operating for profit only. Related to this is the question of who and what your counselors are, how and where trained and what intercourse they will have or have had with other camps and what of all this acquired experience they can bring to the betterment of your camp and theirs.

It is in part the purpose of the author through the publications of *THE RED BOOK MAGAZINE* to enable directors and counselors throughout the land to see and confer with each other in that

common purpose, a better campcraft for better children wherever the sun shines through fresh air upon a mode of rational outdoor life. But if American children, who are the natural beneficiaries of the qualified summer camp, are to get all or any appreciable part of what camps should give them, certain immured and cloistered camp directors must open their windows and look out; open their transoms and refresh the air in their *sancta sanctoria*. They should not assume a perfection that (we venture to inform them after visiting nearly 400 camps) does not exist in their aerial isolation.

Finally, the rearing of junior counselors should not await their maturity. We are firmly convinced that those directors who take them young make them better and fully qualify them in a shorter space of time. As soon as a boy or girl can recognize responsibility and feel its elation and its fibre-knitting force and thrill in the will, that youth should be elevated to a plane of responsibility. Putting him or her off on the theory that years, not a natural leadership quality, are the fundamentals of a competent counselorship is an error that may destroy more potential counselors than any other directorial decision.



A BOY'S COUNSELOR*

The camp counselor whom boys like best and learn most from is a feller with jazz in his feet and songs in his heart. He carries more in his head than in his kit. He does more and talks less than other men. He isn't afraid of the Director, the boys and God—

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because he loves them all. He has a large sense of humor and a small sense of defect in others. He'll try danger on himself—never on the boys. He won't unjustly accuse nor knowingly misjudge a boy. With him, justice is a passion and service the greatest source of human happiness.

*Editorially crocheted by the author from the manuscript of a camp boy.

A GIRL'S COUNSELOR*

We want a counselor with a woman's wholesome body and the spirit of a girl; the fellowship of a sister; the rugged courage of a brother; the filial devotion of a spiritual mother; the practical judgment and guidance of a forceful father. She must possess a flexible nature and gear into the shifting moods of youth, its curiosity to adventure in a world of romance. She should lead with the call, "Come on!"—not drive with the command "Go on!" She should be of a buoyant, physically and mentally alert disposition, eager for the work and play of every day. To smile and play, to sing and serve, to speak inspiringly and to pray, should be a natural utterance in her sacred work of teaching us the higher, nobler, abundant measures of life in the living world. Her poise in crises should be firm and steadfast. Her service to others should enhance her own expanding culture. Her love of nature, its religion of simplicity, health and happiness, should inform all who come within the radiance of her inviting personality. To such a one the heart of every camp girl would be freely given, with a love founded on natural human faith and attraction.

*Condensed from the letter of a sixteen-year-old camp girl, with four years of camp experience.

CHAPTER VIII

NATURE LORE IN CAMPS

by WILLIAM GOULD VINAL, PH. D.

Nature Teacher and Nature Guide

Nature Lore is the most eagerly sought and the least understood of camp activities. Tennis, swimming, and craft work have their rule of thumb commandments; but Nature Lore cannot be prescribed. The former have immediate aims—the winning of a tournament, the perfection of a stroke, or the finishing of a basket. But Nature Lore is more often a means to an end—the collection of cattail leaves to make the basket—the digging of its roots to bake, instead of potatoes—the soaking of its furry tail in suet to use as a torch. In other words, the less we depend upon the artificialities of life—the ease with which we throw off the shackles of civilization—the nearer we can revert to the simple life of the pioneer—the more truly have we been trained in the Nature Lore way.

Those who have been most successfully trained in Nature Lore are the least conscious of the training. The song of a bird so grips the admiration that sooner or later there comes a longing to hear another, or perhaps the same bird. The song wears well and we love to hear it over and over again. The fragrance of the pine tree or the murmur and whiff of the soft breeze from the ocean calls again in the springtime. The more nature experiences

that we have of this kind—the more reactions and yearnings for the open that we acquire—the more willing are we to return to the Nature Lore school. When nature experiences cease to be an enjoyment, we have graduated. The call of the wild is strongest in the March winds. Those in tune will hear the call and ere many moons will find themselves gypsying out into the open.

Greatest of all, Nature Lore is the open air school of Americanism. Without the enjoyment and love of our land, the singing of the words: “I love Thy rocks and rills, Thy woods and templed hills” is but hollow mockery. The opportunities to invest a summer in a Nature School are greater than ever. The silent trumpet is calling and a vast army is rallying to the summons. May we always have the way of the wilderness for those who seek it. This is our American heritage to be guarded by every schoolmate of the woods.

CHAPTER IX

THE FAMILY BUNGALOW CAMP

Its Recent Development in the United States and Canada—In the Great Scenic Regions of North America—Built for Two to Five Persons—All Conveniences—They Impart a New Delight to Travel—They Abound in the Canadian Rockies and Our National Parks—They Promote the Adult Movement to the Open.

In many parts of the United States and Canada, the family bungalow camp is coming into its own peculiar, often romantic, sphere of service. There is a charm in living with light and air on all sides of one's abode.

Throughout our more remote scenic and game regions family cabins are now being built around lodges, in which latter the cabin tenants dine and carry on a sort of community and club life. In this development the automobile, with its week-end excursions into the country, has been a moving factor. The stocking of lakes and streams with fish to lure the sportsman, has been another constructive force in the development of bungalow life.

Latterly, railroads traversing scenic and game regions have developed bungalow camps which accommodate from 50 to 150 guests. In these camps the main lodge becomes the common center of social activity—the bungalows that of the domestic life of the tenant family.

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The idea is refreshingly new, except insofar as resort hotel interests had adopted the camp as an extension of their hotel capacity. As long as twenty years ago the United States and Canada had sportsmen's camps composed of a lodge and a group of surrounding cabins. Several of these early developments were in the Rainbow Lake and Mt. Katahdin regions in Maine and through the Rangeleys and Moosehead Lake country, the west branch of the Penobscot, and the Allegash and Mt. Kineo districts.

In the northwest, the Pacific Coast, and lately in a few southern states, bungalow camps have been growing in number and public interest. They have evidently developed for the adult and the family as a part of the rapidly expanding camp movement for boys and girls. Both movements are founded upon the same national (one might say) biologic impulse to get away from the thralldom of an artificial life of city complexities and dependence, and to regain a simpler, more rational mode of living.

Amongst the most enterprising bungalow camp developments in recent years are those of the great scenic regions of Canada. The Canadian Pacific Railroad and the Canadian National Railways systems have established camps of this character in many Canadian forest and game preserves, and in Canada's national parks in the Rockies, Selkirk, Laurentian and other mountain ranges. These

camps are thoroughly organized, well equipped to insure immediate domestic facility and comfort, and so efficiently operated that they can be rented for a nominal sum, per person per week, including all meals and club privileges at the lodges. As a consequence of these alluring facilities for the traveler, explorer and sportsman, the Canadian and American mountain resorts of the west are calling thousands of travelers to these enchanting regions at all seasons of the year.

Upon our return from the boys' and girls' camps of the midwest, we deemed it in the interest of the camp movement generally to examine the subject of the seasonal family camplife as our enterprising outdoor neighbor, Canada, has so rapidly and so thoroughly developed it; particularly because many American travelers have learned in recent years to visit the Canadian camps.

There is a special social interest in these Rocky Mountain and national park family camps on both sides of the border. We refer to the fact that they are constantly visited by distinguished men and women and their children from many parts of the world—Great Britain, Europe, India, Africa and Australia.

Few people on the North American continent know that one of the most magnificent mountain regions in the world lies within the easy reach of the citizens of the United States and Canada in their own western country. In that region there

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are nearly 700 mountain peaks over 6,000 feet in height, thousands of lesser peaks, Canadian glaciers, hundreds of lakes, mountain streams, waterfalls, cascades, and many forest, fish and game preserves and national parks. It is a land of flowers at the traveler's feet and of snow-capped mountain peaks overhead.

The American and Canadian Rockies are a land of enchantments to all who seek change, rest, recreative travel, mountain-climbing adventure and the bigger thrills of real wilderness sport. Think of 600 miles of Alpine scenery, a mountain region which Edward Whymper, the great English mountain climber, hero of the Matterhorn, described as "fifty Switzerlands in one." It takes the fastest Canadian Pacific train, the "Trans-Canada Limited," 23 hours to pass from Cochrane, at the entrance to the Rockies, to Mission on the eastern edge of the coastal plain; whereas, a Swiss express train in five hours travels from Luzerne to Como across the Alps. This surprising comparison of the relative magnitude of the world-famous Alps and the Canadian Rockies is only one of many which can be made in favor of the grandeur of the western world. The so-called Canadian Pacific Rockies comprise the Rockies, the Selkirks and the Gold, Coast, Cascade and Purcell Ranges.

Among the western family and sportsmen's camps which can be reached by the Canadian Pacific Railroad are Wapta, Yoho Valley, Lake

O'Hara, Emerald Lake Chalet, Moraine Lake, Lake Windermere, Sherm Mountain, Sinclair Hot Springs, Vermilion River. In Ontario, the following: Devil's Gap Camp, Nipigon River Camp, and French River Camp.

The Canadian National Railways, with equal enterprise and with the generous support which the Dominion Government always gives to its transportation systems, has also created a series of family camps all over Canada which are luring the traveler from the remotest parts of the world to the exploratory, recreative and sporting opportunities of that northland of outdoor endeavor. Amongst the camps maintained and reached by the Canadian National Railways are the Algonquin Park Camps; Lake Nipigon Camps; Lake Timagami Camps, including those of the Keewaydin Club; The Wabi-kon Camp, on Timagami Island, the pioneer camp of northern Canada; Mt. Robson and Berg Lake Camps in the Mt. Robson district; Camp Eucaroma; Camp Billie Bear, Muskoka region; the Jasper National Park Camps; British Columbia Camps and, in the East, camps in New Brunswick and Quebec.

In the western part of the United States are a great number of camps in the regions traversed by the Union Pacific, Northern Pacific, Great Northern and Southern Pacific railroads, and the Western Pacific in the far West. These camps are principally located in the Yellowstone National

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Park, Rocky Mountain National Park, Grand Canyon National Park, Estes Park, Yosemite National Park, at Lake Tahoe, Crater Lake National Park, and Mount Rainier National Park. Besides the camps in these parks there are camps throughout the West known as "Dude Ranches," ranches where paying guests are made exceedingly comfortable and afforded an opportunity to hunt, fish, hike, ride and voyage in canoes. Many of these ranches lie along the Union Pacific Railroad and provide much of the color and thrill of early ranch life. Dude Wranglers, as the directors are called, teach the guests what they wish to learn of actual ranch and camp life, where and how to fish and hunt and how to stay on the deck of a broncho. These dude ranches house their guests in cabins and tents and sometimes in the main lodge. Capacity ranges from ten to fifty individuals.

The family camp, the dude ranch and the cultural camps for boys and girls constitute America's most attractive outdoor deliverance from the gas laden air of its big cities.

CHAPTER X

CAMP TRAIL ADVENTURES

A Few of our Adventures on the Trail—There were Many More—They will be Related Next Year—Amongst Them will be the Story of: A Rare Camp Tragedy—Sitting on The Red Book Magazine to Keep Warm—Funny Boys and Witty Girls—Hiking from Detroit, Michigan to Hornell, New York—Buffalo Auto Drivers the World's Worst—Story Telling Aboard Ship—The Man Who Planted Muskegon—How "We Skins 'em" on Mackinaw Island—Twilight and Stars, at the Sault—We Rescue Three Boy Scouts from Jail and Scoot—Their Gratitude—The Charming Dietitian of Camp Wanalda—Hospitable Western Sportsmen—We Paint a Masterpiece—A Bed Hunt in Lansing—The Homeward Trail—Unjustly Summoned for Reckless Driving Four Miles from Home after a Clear Record for 26 years—The Travesty of Village Justice.

ALL NIGHT IN A SWAMP

It was Saturday afternoon at a point near the village of Frederic, in Michigan, and we wished to save a detour of seventy miles on our way west and south from camps just visited. A lazy-voiced, genial sort of man, leaning against the State, opined that by driving our light car over an Indian trail through a tamarack swamp, we could gratify

our foolish wish to economize time and distance. So we listened.

“What kind o’ a car is yer drivin’?”

“A Studebaker, good hill-climber, six lungs and non-skids all around,” we replied, gazing at him furtively.

“I reckon it’ll do the trail—if you don’t slide off. Them trails is dev’lish onreliable on the edge.” After he viewed the car, he was of the same opinion and commended us onward, across country.

So we started with a light heart across the 30-mile swamp, but being alone, deemed it prudent to fill up with gas and test our oil content. Then we and the car started forward over the confusing course of bog and sand trails defined by the lazy-voiced genial man of Frederic.

After an hour of low hills, bogs, mires, corduroys and deep-rutted sand trails, we were in the tangled heart of a wilderness where it seemed utterly useless to speculate on being an egregious ass—that fact having already been as firmly established as the hundred-foot trees around us.

Groaning forward on low, with intensifying distrust of ever getting out of the mess, we rolled over the brow of a hill and beheld a river at its base. A trail crossed ours, north and south, and a small sign, the handiwork of some untutored buck Indian, read: “To Indin Camps.” As we weren’t interested in Indian camps with the night coming on,

we crossed this trail and kept on our western course down to the river.

Ah! There were human beings—gypsies and their clutter. They would guide us, we felt assured, and got out to commend them on their temporary camp for the night. They were a motley lot, but altogether affable. If they had thought of it, they could have robbed us of several hundred New York dollars at no greater sacrifice than a spare gypsy or two shot in the scuffle. But they overlooked their financial opportunity—like many another nature lover. They even told us how to continue our way—over the wrong fork of the trail! If we had good luck, they said, we'd reach civilization at the other side of the swamp about midnight; they had not been over that trail, but were sure it was the one we ought to take. They were gypsies and ought to know. Besides, there was only one of us and seven of them.

The red sun was setting behind the forest ahead of us. And there was the confusing pony trail interweaving all over the thicketed plain. So our broncho car and we took the trail which seemed freshest under the careless ambling of pony hoofs. And presently, as we plunged into the denser timber, it was twilight, and the mosquitoes and midges came up from the underbrush in cloud swarms. The smell of black-tanned swamp water assailed our nostrils. Now and then we had to alight to drag a nine-inch windfall out of our path. Then

a half-mile of rough going and other windfalls to coax out of the way. We began to sweat and cuss and think of our comfortable office in New York and of all the other comfortable things on earth. Tantalizing, of course, how a man in travail will recall a silken housegown, slippers, bed-lamp and Keats' poems in a New York studio. However, the pests of the forests soon dispelled all our dreams of a paradise lost. They began to devour us like imported caviare; but, as we have already reported, we pushed on doggedly.

A very decided fork in the trail presently created another problem and a moment of doubt. Our compass indicated one trail leading northwest, the other almost west. Besides, the glare of our headlights disclosed a small wooden stake driven through a piece of dirty paper in the middle of the right-hand trail. Mystery! we thought, so we scrambled toward it afoot. The weather-worn paper pinned down by the stake bore one illegible word, which we deciphered only by straining the paper over the face of our flashlight. It read: "Dainjer!" So the right-hand trail was not *our* trail. We started up the other with the assurance of a traffic cop. A horned owl laughed at us. Something low and stealthy hurried out of our way. The voices of the night were chorusing. Here and there stars broke out as if to witness our final discomfiture. What a lovely night, we thought, for plugging through a virgin forest far from the gad-

ding crowds of New York! We were elated. The cold air of the water-covered swamp reminded us of the duck-days of our youth when we sat in a blind until the moon came out to send us home under a staggering weight of green-winged teal and mallards.

The light-headed little Studebegger snorted and we were off again—on low, picking our way under overhanging brush that scratched the finish off the car like the pattern of Scotch tweed. Then suddenly the side of the trail gave way and—the sedan was listing over its edge, with the left front wheel in three feet of something that felt like tapioca! We hurried out of the car and gave ourself a nice, hard kick. It served us right—and from the gradual further sinking of the car we saw at once that words and thoughts were inappropriate; that only quick, resourceful and effective action would save the car. In a few moments it would roll into the swamp—and stay there till the Studebaker Company went into liquidation. Indeed, that was one of those times “when a feller needs a friend.”

Digging our camp axe from the bottom of the duffel-laden car, we began to chop down birches and poplars as fast as a Minnesota training had taught us to knock them down along the back trail. Biff, bang, swat and crash!—down they came, six and eight inches thick, falling all over us in the black night, with only a capricious flashlight and

two campfires on the trail to guide our anxious work. After stumbling, falling, chopping, cussing and dragging for an hour, we had rigged enough timbers under the submerged wheel and front axle to keep the car from sinking deeper into the water.

During this sudden, unexpected, healthful exercise, we had, perforce, neglected to deal appropriately with the no-see-ums, midges, sandfleas, chiggers, mosquitoes, deerflies and sundry other pestiferous members of forest entomology. So when we felt of our head and face, we found those almost indispensable features covered with swollen bumps as big as the park lights on the car. But for these impudent interlopers, the whole affair (so far) would have been a pleasurable camp experience—something no woodsman would have grunted at. But inasmuch as many western public schools had been closed earlier in June than usual on account of the exceptionally large crop and fierce character of these pests, we should, as an old camp hound, have known better than to spend the night with them out where they belonged and we—did not!

While our tin Waterbury indicated the Saturday night hour at 10:20 p. m., the department of our famished interior felt like Monday a. m. We were so hungry we could have devoured the inner tenderloin of a cord tire. Then we recalled that three weeks before in a Wisconsin girls' camp a pretty Swedish dietitian had given us several cakes of

Swedish Spies Brodt, which the Scandinavian population of that state import from Copenhagen and of which they are exceedingly fond. This coarse, crisp, black breadstuff in our emergency kit, together with a small tin of palatable Vegex almonds, kept our mind off of turtle soup and angels' food.

With two fires burning a hundred feet from the car, we spread our sodcloth and, lying down under an army blanket, watched the stars at play through those all-too-short periods when the fires needed more wood.

The dawn on Sunday was exhilarating—cold and clear after the haze had lifted. The habits of civilized domestic life seem to cling to us, even in the wilderness. So we got up, stripped, grabbed the auto sponge and looked for the morning dip in the black, uninviting water along the trail. Even with sneakers on your bare feet, you hesitate to let yourself down into the uncertain depths of the pools of a tamarack swamp. It is easier to get in than out. So, tying a rope to the canvas auto bucket, we threw it into a pool, poured the water over our head and seduced ourselves into the belief that we were having one of our regular cold shower-baths. Between buckets, six billion invisible midges bit us in 9,000,000,000 places, nullifying all the virtue of our Sunday morning prayers. We'll never again take a shower-bath in a Michigan tamarack swamp. We shudder even to think of that sportsmanlike

monkeyshine, out where (as poets relate) "all Nature smiles at man."

Twenty-one hours after our car slid off the trail, four Indians, astride of two ponies, came head-on upon our involuntary camp. They were a little more than welcome, if what we said to them in near-Chippewa had been understood. They had been fishing overnight on a distant lake and were on their way to their huts, sixteen miles west of us. We told them we would like to accompany them if, unlike Indians, they would consider helping us with a few more trees made into a fulcrum to pry the car out of the slush and up on the trail. Also, their ponies might not mind doing a little first-aid work in that direction, notwithstanding an Indian pony's dislike for work on Sunday or—any other day. Finally, we declared that we were a distinguished artist (which we are not!) and that when we reached their huts we would paint their portraits and give them ten dollars if they would look at our paintings without any consequent bad feeling toward us.

And as they were unarmed and we had on a fierce-looking Colt, they reluctantly consented to join in the holy work of salvaging the little Studebagger. In two hours we had the car on the trail; but the warp of the chassis had loosened the engine from its seat and the cylinders got lazy and showed signs of acute asthma, bronchitis and some bowel complaint as yet unindicated in the books of auto-

mobile diseases. After checking up on the transmission, transfusion, transcombustion and non-transactibility of the differential colicuss and getting no oral response from the cussed little bus, we poured a pint of gasoline into each cylinder, flooded the carburetor and the trail under the crank case, distributed sixty cents' worth of grease, oil, gas and mud over our English gabardine camp coat and knickers, stepped on the self-starter eleven times and—started the little broncho with a snort that drove the game off the Indian Reservation. There was no trouble at all after that, except to stop the car, which we had no desire to do until we stormed into the quiet little village of Mansiloma, where we immediately ate seven sandwiches and slept until eleven o'clock on Monday morning.

When we awoke the local gossips told us that a special kind of rattlesnake infested the swamp where we had spent the night so pleasantly; also that sometimes no one goes over the trail for weeks; also that when anyone attempts to go over it with a car there is generally something the matter with the dry cells under his hat. Then we felt the lumps on our head and face and stepped on the gas, muttering something that sounded like the uncensored braying of a young ass out in the rain.

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A PAIR OF MURDERERS

On the trail from the Swimming and Canoe Conference at Fairlee to the Adirondacks by way of

Burlington, Vermont, we stopped for the night at the historic old Chapin Mansion, home of an early New England governor and of a long line of distinguished men. It was an inviting inn, clean, well furnished, high of ceiling and ample of circular stairs and graceful mahogany rails—just such an uncluttered refuge as a traveler with tired eyes from driving over rough roads would appreciate.

The great elms on the spacious lawn and along the half-mile front of the imposing estate were still visible in their early evening charm, their tips burnished by the reflected rays of the sun that had set. Beyond lay the Winooski River, which wound its devious way through a beautiful valley once noted as the scene of Indian treachery during the colonial wars.

The proprietor, an affable man, led us to a fine, large, front room of many windows, for we had insisted upon abundant air as the first condition of our stay. But inasmuch as his window-screens had not arrived, the room at once became crowded with June bugs as big as bass plugs. Their buzzing about afforded our son and us good sport with a pair of fly swatters made of the Burlington Free Press. This estimable journal seemed to be edited for a better purpose. Before we had examined the beds, we were humming our own camp-made ditty:

“Whoe’er has traveled autowise
And parked his bulk within an Inn,
May often groan, recall with sighs,
The bumpous beds he’s wallowed in!”

But the beds at this inn were fresh, flat, of appropriate consistency and altogether comfortable. And after the entomological slaughter, we slept the sleep of a vagabond peace.

The next morning, however, we learned that the same twin beds had been occupied the previous night by a pair of fugitive murderers on their way south from Canada!

You never can tell.

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A PAIR OF CHIPPENDALE HORSES

Out on Cliff Haven Point, east of Plattsburg, there are the makings of an immense camp, on the site of the Junior Plattsburg Training Camp for young officers during the war. It is now called "Theodore Roosevelt Camp for Boys" and is in the earlier stages of its promising development. The original military training camp was the gift of a very patriotic gentleman of Plattsburg who sank over \$100,000 in it. Its capacity was then 1000 officers. Its extensive site, numerous costly buildings, large parade ground and elaborate land and water equipment should, under the direction of Mr. William B. Ball and his proficient staff, send it forward rapidly.

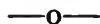
On the Sunday of our visit it rained and blew so hard the buttons flew off our camp togs. The rain even followed us into the unrepaired dining lodge and "conflued" into the delicious soup Mrs. Ball

had made. Then it knocked chairs about and finally blew the shoes off a team of farm horses. Not content with that mischief, it made the shore of Champlain so skiddy that when we stepped on the gas the car started for the middle of the lake instead of going west toward Plattsburg and Lake Chateaugay. During this two-step and glide it landed in a gravel pit and there it settled down for the night *a la carte*. We were certainly having a nice balled-up visit to the Ball family. If things are going to happen, it is nice to have them all happen at once.

Looking at the awful mess, we ordered a couple of Chippendale farm horses to pull us out. But the camp farmer had piously gone to the Christian Endeavor Society meeting and would not be back until he returned. We were already beginning to sweat under our muddy mackintosh, and made a few thousand remarks to that effect. Finally, six of us found the horses in the barn waiting for us. But they were naked, and a farm team harness is a complicated mess except to the farmer who had hung it up on the pegs. However, the six of us all took hold of different parts of the harness and so nicely tangled it up, over and around the horses that they looked as if they were festooned with seaweed. One of the horses objected to being strangled when one of us boys tried to buckle the crupper around his neck. The other looked as if

he wanted to die. We were certainly having a nice, balled-up visit to the Ball family.

After several hours of this Christian Endeavor on that wet Sunday, the horses pulled us out of the gravel pit and, with fierce looks of contempt, went back to the barn and unharnessed themselves with frequent cold shakes. We, on our part, felt so ashamed of ourself that we didn't stop the car again until we slid up to the Banner House sixty miles west. And that is one of the dearest old hostelries in the world and maybe as good as any in the next—at least in *our* next. We certainly had a lively visit to that Ball family.



THE INDIAN THAT NEVER DIED

A quarter of a mile ahead on an Indian Reservation road, a bundle of something seemed to be staggering along. It was an aged Indian carrying a sixty-pound bag of bulk that felt like a dead body. Old Lo was having a hot and wearying time of it when I halted the car.

“Eh, chief, want a ride?”

The weazened old man looked up grimly. He couldn't believe there was such hospitality on the Reservation. He had walked 97 years already and expected to keep on walking—probably to his own funeral, some day. Besides, grass-fed Indian ponies hadn't enough ambition to amble proudly under an Indian Chief.

With a lot of heaving and grunting, during which the old buck's tongue left its hangar under pressure of every physical effort, we got the Indian and his bag into the car. He sank back into its luxury with the air of a fat man who is about to take a joy ride to the end of his life.

"Heavy load!" we ventured.

"You bet—for old man."

"Been walking far?"

"Three mile," he said, holding up three gnarled digits in optical confirmation.

Three miles, under a dead weight of sixty-odd pounds, at 97 years of age! I began to think of civilization; began to ask, as so many of us ask, what is it doing for mankind, after all? Who among its spoon-fed victims, 97 years old, can hike three miles across a Wisconsin Indian Reservation carrying a load of sixty pounds? If there is such a hardy old fellow, trot him out for the admiration of the world. Then I got a shock!

Looking at my Indian and the gunny sack on his knees, I was aghast to see a small stream of blood trickle to the floor of the car. I got chills, fever, asthma and angina pectoris. The old Indian was evidently dying on our hands from a ruptured blood vessel! Yet we were sure we did most of the lifting when we loaded him into the car. However, this was a serious affair—picking up old Indians without first counting the cost. Suppose he up and died and we hauled a dead Indian into

the midst of live Indians in the next village, eh? They would scalp us as a villainous automobilist who had run over the old man. All that we might say would never get us out of that scrape. It would be a sure case of us and the tomahawk coming into uninvited contact before we could even ring for a movie camera man to get the real-stuff film. Awful sensations overtake one on a camp tour, especially if one is slightly inclined to be human and help the other fellow.

We touched the old buck's dirty blouse. He looked up sleepily, but with a high light in his dark glinting eyes. "Feeling all right?" we asked.

"Lots good," he chirped, "Ugh! me want cigarette."

We explained that we didn't smoke in the car and that we never carried cigarettes.

The blood continued to trickle.

"Nothing busted inside o' you, has there?" we queried. We also stopped the car, within sight of the village. We deemed it wise to "stand off" (to use a nautical term) until the blood mystery had been solved. This was a case where a live Indian was the only good Indian for a village pow-wow.

"Yes, me bust; no cashpop. Money all gone."

It was useless. As we approached the village, we got him to point out his home. Driving directly to it, we unloaded him and dropped his heavy sack at the door of his hut. We saw that the bag was the source of the blood. Had we been

hauling the trunk of a dead Indian and become party to a murder? Then the Indian added to our suspicions by his solicitude for the damp bulk in the bag.

“What’s that you’ve got in the bag?” we demanded.

“Ugh! beef,” he grunted.

Reservation rations, issued the day before, at the United States Indian Agency.

And that explained it all!—the Indian’s financial denudation; his long, laborious, tanglefoot hike; and the blood that wasn’t, after all, the last sanguinary sign of a dead Indian.

CHAPTER XI

AROUND OUR OWN CAMP FIRE

The End of the Trail at our own Camp Fire—We Talk to you Intimately as Your Host, You Who were Recently Ours—a Bird in the Heart is Worth Three in a Bush—Smiles are the Flowers of the Soul—Why Souls Fuse on the Trail—The Spirit of our Camp Fire—That Noble Camper, Dr. Sargent—His Pupil Dr. Luther Gulick—Organized Common Sense, a Camp Product—Write Your Own Camp Prayer—Beg Nothing, Give Everything—Smoking in Camp—The Singing Camp is Popular—The Fate of the Yearning Farm Child—The Utility of Farm Demonstration Hikes—Don't Pluck the Wild Flowers—Directors Should Talk to their Winter Neighbors—The Only-Child Problem, its Serious and Humorous Aspects—Don't's for Parents—Loan Libraries for Camps—Literary Mice—Nature Study, the Problem—How to Solve It—The Edible Frog—That Character Asset, Courtesy—Readings at the Rest Hour—"What Ails our Youth?"—Maturity, an Educational System that Needs Repairs and a Decrepit Religion Ails Them—The Remedy—Our Camp Fire Goes Out.

Here we are at the end of the Trail, at the end of this vagrant little chronicle of camptrail bumps

and bangs, benevolence and bounty! There is a camp fire charm in coming home to one's own hospitable hearth and summoning the sprites and spirits of past adventures. So here we are, the host of all the campers who recently were our hosts, who attentively listened to our frail wisdom of life—all wholesome men and women, boys and girls of the sort to make life anywhere worth living.

Before our own camp fire, the glow of which has given the Red Book Magazine its ruddy complexion, we wish to speak a few final words to the 14,000 campers whom we met on the Trail.

We have always felt that a bird in the heart is worth three in a bush. That a smile is the flower of the soul. That lakes, skies, waterfalls and stars hide in all our eyes. But only people so endowed may see them so in others.

There are elemental forces in Nature which change the nature of man from a condition of static imperturbability to one of dynamic responsiveness. Forest lovers do not know why men and women meet on a wilderness trail who had never met before and, by a look and a touch where God is present, feel their souls fuse, as if an unseen goodness absorbed the good that found it—out on a trail.

That is the Spirit of *our* camp fire.

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As we sit here on the cabin floor, with the hearth ghules on our brown arms and faces, the world at

peace within us, and the tang of tepee smoke starting music in our hearts, limning pictures to our eyes, we recall that noble camper of many happy trails—Dr. Dudley A. Sargent, who left us last June for—"a little while." We have all lost a warm friend in the death of Dr. Sargent. And before him we lost his pupil—Dr. Luther H. Gulick, the heart and inspiration of so much that is human in campland. Last year Dr. Sargent wrote the introduction to our—"Summer Camps—Boys and Girls," and seemed so genuinely glad to do so as he listened to our reading of the proofs. How his deep eyes sparkled at our levity, and how seriously he contemplated a phrase or a sentence that he would call "a nutfull." When we left him, after reading and chatting over three hours, conscious that we must have fatigued him, yet always in the presence of his gracious assurance that we had done well for the camp cause and put his own great work of physical education a notch forward and higher by our camp ideals, we choked embarrassingly over his big-hearted "Goodbye," and the warm pressure of those hands that had given to youth such generous service for over half a century. Not content with the approving words he had given us personally at his home in Cambridge, he telegraphed to *The Red Book Magazine* this kindly appraisal of the little, the very little we had done to bring the camp spirit to the home; a

social conscience to the child; a sense of greater responsibility to parenthood everywhere:

“Red Book Magazine: I have read the manuscript of ‘Summer Camps—Boys’ and Girls’ with exceeding interest and admiration. I regard it as a valuable contribution to the sociological literature of our day and a significant aid to the camp movement as an educational institution. It is packed with sound suggestions, and I hope it will be preserved in its entirety.

D. A. Sargent.”

We had not heard of Dr. Sargent’s death until sometime after its occurrence. Our camp trail was a matter of constant going, with often no sight of a newspaper for a fortnight. One day we mentioned Dr. Sargent’s name in a western camp; whereupon the director informed us of his death. However pink we may have looked—we felt pale! The shock made the day’s work creak on that sad day. Men come and they go, but some men stay with us in all our higher contemplative life. Dr. Sargent will *always* sit at *our* camp fire, for he warmed all the camp fires he ever honored with his kindly, wholesome, rugged personality!

—o—

Around our own camp fire everyone’s mood may freely utter itself—hence these cursory references to many matters which have not been previously mentioned in the present volume.

We once said somewhere that organized common-sense was the best everyday equipment which anyone could possess. We have found a lot of that

commodity in the qualified summer camp. The phrase sometimes caught the fancy of inspirational camp leaders who interpreted it to campers in their Sunday talks. If *you* like it, pass it along.

—o—

The writing and use of an inspiring camp prayer should be regarded as a privilege. Such prayers can, of course, be found in various publications, amongst them in Miss Mattoon's excellent book, "Services for the Open," Mr. H. W. Gibson's books and in the books of other inspirational writers. But a self-made camp prayer should be the quest of every live camp. A good camp site may inspire it; or the spiritual aspect of half a hundred pretty girls or handsome boys; or a glorious view from a hill; or sunrise over the lake; or a twilight stabbed by the last sun-flash of a dying day.

The ideal camp prayer is not, of course, a begging prayer, one in which we ask the Lord for everything. We have noticed that the begging spirit is not always the Christian spirit. Let us teach our boys and girls to give, not beg, to offer service, honor, character, benevolence, fidelity, patriotism, and courage in their camp prayers and to ask for nothing save only for the strength and the will and the purity of mind and heart to make these qualities effective throughout the living day. "Give us the vision, the strength and the wisdom to do, O Lord, and an abiding gratitude for and faith in the bounties of life!"

AROUND OUR OWN CAMP FIRE

We should be glad to receive the text of camp prayers which have been accepted by good campers.

—o—

During the course of our camp travels we have had the privilege of sitting before the lodge fire with directors and counselors after the campers had gone to bed. At such gatherings the question of smoking in camp has sometimes been brought up for discussion. "What had we observed?" "How were other directors solving this difficult problem?" "How should the privilege be controlled?" And so on, until those who were smoking couldn't see those who were smoked!

Practically all the best governed camps forbid smoking by boy and girl campers. Very few camps of any class permit older boy campers to smoke except in quarters assigned for that purpose—but never during athletic or other camp activities. We know of no camp worthy the name wherein boys under seventeen are permitted to smoke at any time. Generally speaking, no camp which we have not condemned for all-round defects, permits any boy or girl camper to smoke under any circumstances. It is not an easy matter to detect and prevent boys of twenty and over from smoking in secret, despite a camp's rule against it. We may, therefore, sum up our observations by stating that all good camps enforce a rule against smoking by boy or girl campers of any age. A number of demoralized camps on our trail were too disordered to enforce

anything. Some of the boys in these camps were openly violating every rule of decency and good conduct.

Amongst the boys' camps are a goodly number wherein the smoking privilege is given to the executives and counselors only. In such camps practical efforts are made to avoid the use of tobacco in the presence of boy campers, parents and visitors. A room or a cabin is set apart as a retiring room for counselors, where they may smoke when off duty. We found a similar rule applied to girl counselors in a girls' camp. Men counselors, tutors or executives employed in girls' camps are generally restricted to smoking in their own quarters when off duty.

We have seen very few camp directors smoking at any time in their camps, even where they are habitual smokers while out of them. This self-restraint is a fine example to those who think a cigar or cigarette is a twin appendix of the human body.

Who shall and who shall not smoke in a boys' or a girls' camp is a matter of individual directorial policy. Each director has his or her own viewpoint. Some regard smoking by women as a moral question; by men as merely a physical habit, as if sex altered the character of the mouth's performance. Certain it is that if young children and youths are to be trained to recognize *essential* and wholesome habits of individual and social conduct,

no *unnecessary* habits of any sort should be held up for their emulation. It is as unnecessary for children and youths to smoke as it is for them to chew a quid; wear brass rings in their noses, or go to bed with their shoes on. And all this is quite aside from any moral question whatsoever. It is not necessary to moralize about it, at all. The question of smoking by the child and the youth is one of health, cleanliness and decency. No camper of any age should be permitted to indulge in any habit which does not tend to maintain these three essentials of his or her well being. We might say more, from our own individual point of view, but *our* opinion has no place here. What camp directors wish to find here is a fair and fearless report of our observations in 364 organized camps concerning this very troublesome tobacco question in camp. We believe that seventy-five percent of all boys' camps, East and West, and ninety-five percent of all girls' camps forbid smoking by anyone connected with the camp, except that his imperious bellicoseness, the Persian cook, and the deadly-dish-dealing scullion may generally smoke their alfalfa stenchoras somewhere back of the ice house after dark.



The singing camp, as some directors refer to their camps, is growing in favor. We heard some remarkably good music on the trail this year. Chambers Island, Bryn Afon, Pinewood, Neecarnis,

Meenagha, Minne-Wonka Lodge, Sherwood Forest and a number of others in the West, and Twan-eko-tah, Dudley, Roosevelt, Jeanne d'Arc, Oneka, Pine Tree, Red Wing, Paupac Lake, Montessori, Lenape, Anthony Wayne and others in the East are stressing songs and instrumental music, on the theory that music is a tremendous moral force of universal acceptance and that its frequency in camp tends to enrich its character, insure its happiness and facilitate its inspirational development. The German nation employs music as much as a means of civic control and direction as of artistic kultur. The Teuton long ago learned that music is a vitalizing influence; that it often accomplished what the pulpit and the police could not.

Welcome the singing camp. "Song charms the sense" and makes nonsense charming. Surely wild boys and girls must respond to its wizardry, when

"The rude sea grew civil at her song;
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres
To hear the sea-maid's music."

—o—

The fate of the farm child has sometimes been discussed, especially where camps are situated in or near agricultural regions. The visit of a farm boy or girl to a camp for the purpose of delivering produce, or as an excursion of curiosity, is sometimes exceedingly pathetic. Some of these farm children, working manually from dawn till dark, and from dark till dawn hating their work and

dreaming of the camp at the lake, are becoming the humane concern of observing camp directors.

Obviously farm work, as wholesome and healthful as much of it is to the adult, seldom appeals to romantic and playful youth. This untoward attitude of farm children implies no dereliction whatever. It is only human nature in little overalls and a spade longing for knickers and a paddle.

How can knickers and a paddle and the cultural lessons and joyous activities of organized camp life be brought into the lives of the hundreds of thousands of farm children whose chief intellectual companion is Maud Guernsey of the stanchions and the hay, the bossy cow that keeps the camp in milk? Life's privileges are seldom equitably distributed. Perhaps some day young farmers will have their own camps. Many are already breaking into the Boy and Girl Scout camps and similar outdoor organizations.

Camp directors who each season would take their campers to a fully-operating farm, show them the cattle and describe their functions; show them the plow and harrow and reapers and binders and threshing machines in action; show them who's who in the poultry pen and what's what in the dairy, would be doing for city girls and boys what ought to be done for every child and youth in the land of whom we expect rational appreciations and an accurate sense of productive values. We have heard of camp girls who thought that peanuts grew

on trees, that the boll weevil was a destructive bird, that cows had six calves a month in summer and a vacation by birth control in winter, and that a farm silo was a garden grape cocktail with a wild kick in it. All this assured learning could be repaired by showing camp youngsters the truth on a farm. As we have had a farm depending on us all our unwretched life, we know what a thrilling camp activity such farm visits can be made to be. Try it.



Wild flowers belong to the landscape, not to any individual. They are the joy of *all* the people, not the limited property of one citizen. To pluck wild flowers from the public domain, the parks and highways and open spaces to which mankind wanders for rest and recreation, is an unthinking act of spoliation.

Public opinion is now condemning Jack-the-Flower-Ripper! In many parts of the West and in some of the East, and especially in and near public camp sites, playgrounds and idle suburban lands, we found signs which read:

“Please do not pluck the flowers;
Others also wish to enjoy them.”



Those great natural agents of sanitation—Soil, Sunshine and Fire could be made a subject of wider knowledge in the town and suburb, no less than in the local and the wilderness camp, if camp direc-

tors delivered illustrated lectures thereon in their neighborhood during the winter. Moreover, camp lectures well illustrated are good camp publicity. It is somewhat disappointing to learn that the gospel of the camp thereby so easily spread in your own city or town is left to get mouldy by directorial inanition. Talk to parents everywhere, anywhere, and preach what you practice—in that inspiring camp of yours three hundred miles away. This idea has immense registration possibilities. And parents are eager to learn of your great work beyond the range of their own vision.

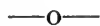


The only-child problem is imposing itself upon camp directors and promises to disturb the directorial equilibrium. In fact, it may drive the highly sensitized director mad if we do not succeed during the present decade in educating parents. Really, there ought to be a University of Parenthood in the land, with branches, or auxiliaries or “Extensions” in every first class American city. And their No Department and Don’t Department would be their biggest features. There never were half as many rational don’t’s for children as there should be for the doting parent of an only child.

During our camp tour directors frequently uttered words of fear and pity for the only child, how it is often smothered, warped out of its natural orbit and into the misfit orbit of hysterical parents, and how in all this artificial and abortive process

the only child becomes a selfish, supercilious, capricious and utterly spoiled doll. When such a child is brought to camp tied to mother's apron string, strangled by mother's insatiate hugs, wilful and petulant because of mother's excessive indulgence, and garnished and basted by mother's face powder and tears, the whole camp becomes conscious that something foreign, unteachable, something akin to an aching nerve has been injected into the camp's otherwise healthy and wholesome and happy life.

We have elsewhere in this volume referred to the rational relationship that should exist between parent and child, if both are to live lives of individuality and significance. The only-child problem in camps is the concrete evidence of the necessity of our parental caution. Recently one of the western camp directors wrote us urging a discussion of the subject of the only-child. But our available space will not permit of more at this time than the foregoing indication that there is such a problem and that at a meeting of the Camp Directors Association it might be profitably considered.



State Libraries and the Public Libraries of the larger cities are doing much to promote child habits of education and culture by lending boxes of books to summer camps. These loan libraries are rapidly becoming the practice in every state. They solve a camp problem. Heretofore it has been difficult for some camps to prevent the rodent

family from reading their books in the winter with their teeth. Many volumes are destroyed by mice who especially like the paper made with casein. Our own experience with literary mice has been distressing over a period of twenty years. Our studio in the hills north of New York appears to be their favorite university. They like the illustrated books most, perhaps because of the coated paper, which being caseous, is something akin to gorgonzola cheese to an educated mouse.

Camp directors should maintain a well-selected camp library, not only of books on nature and campcraft; but, through these loan libraries, on other suitable subjects. Zinc trunks or boxes will keep the mice from their dentulous mode of destructive self-education.



How can nature study, nature lore and the active pursuit of nature specimens be effectively encouraged in all our camps? Not that all camps should stress these activities beyond their policy; but that all camps which occupy the important youthful years of boys and girls should include a reasonable amount of nature study in their program. So much, of course, because every outdoor boy and girl, man and woman should know something of the natural growth, the flora and fauna, in the wilderness through which they follow or blaze their trails. It is absolutely essential for those who depend upon themselves in the woods

to know what the woods contain to cure illness, provide instruments of emergent help in case of accident, and to sustain life when one is lost. Now and then the press reports the death by exposure and starvation of a novice who did not know the rudiments of self-preservation in the woods. There have been instances where men who starved to death were actually sitting on enough food to sustain life indefinitely. But they did not know it because an ice box loaded with delicatessen was not staring them in the face. Civilization had made them so utterly dependent that they never thought of finding food except in the presence of mahogany, china and damask.

Camp directors everywhere have confided to us that the Nature Lore Department of their camps is one of the most difficult to make entertaining. After considering their statements in many parts of the country and in camp organizations of great variety, we are convinced that the primary difficulty resides in the nature counselor, his or her inability to make the study attractive to the younger campers whose physical vim is a powerful, often repressive, tyrant in their mental development.

There are too few enterprising, personally magnetic nature study teachers. They often lack what in reference to poetry or the higher prose we might call gleam. They are often callow counselors who are not themselves sufficiently shot through with

the infinite wonders of plant and animal life to impart a thrill to their pupils.

We have heard a number of nature counselors, so-called, endeavor to teach their subject, with the result that we are convinced that a more enthusiastic and convincing type of nature counselor must be developed if children are to be fired with the joy and the serious aspect of qualifying themselves for forest emergencies. What is the use of knowing a fern from wild garlic without any knowledge at all that the lichens and hundreds of other plants, roots and tubers can be eaten if one is lost in the wilderness? Boys and girls who are to be *practical* trail-makers, campers and travelers should first be taught to find and identify all the edible life in the woods, plains, meadows and marshlands. After they have learned how to take care of their bodies on the inside, they should be taught how to care for them on the outside, keep them from perishing in heat or cold; how to keep dry and warm and above all, how to insure sound sleep anywhere on the trail. This involves the ability to build temporary shelters in a few minutes or a few hours; where and how to look for food and water; how to keep one's location, one's bearings. In other words, the *essentials* of nature study are all interesting to every boy and girl; while the non-essentials, the dilettante side of the study really interests few children until they have developed an

individual interest in the subject on their own account.

We once visited Sagawatha Lodge, Dr. Hobbs' splendid boys' camp on Bantam Lake, Connecticut, just as a group of twenty-odd boys were stacked eight feet high over a table with a nature counselor at the bottom of the pile. The squirming mass looked like a human pillar, at the hollow bottom of which something mighty interesting was going on to keep that boy pyramid together so long. To make the scene even more thrilling there seemed to be a lamp on the table at the bottom of this grunting, oohing, squirming mass of boy curiosity. To get a view of what was being done on the table, the boys had climbed upon each other in real pyramid form, the topmost boy peering down into the boy-lined well of eager faces and getting a good view of the nature counselor's dissection of a green frog of the edible variety. He was telling them all about the "inners" of that frog, why it was able to jump so far, stay under water so long in summer and bury itself in solid mud all winter, and why its legs were such excellent food. That nature counselor was a success because he taught his boys something practical about a little live thing which boys see so often and in so many places; which they love to hunt, swat and spear every spring and which to them is real game because they like to eat frog legs and a lot of them. To the Sagawatha boys its nature counselor had imparted knowledge

that generated interest in a practical, everyday specimen of daily outdoor life. That is the phase of nature study by which competent and enthusiastic nature counselors can spread nature's gospel to its greatest human service. We hope Dr. William G. Vinal, nature guide of renown, Dr. Edwin De-Meritte, the dean of American Nature Study camps, Dan Beard and other nature camp directors, will encourage both the training of effective nature counselors and their distribution to all the good camps of the country. We shall then solve the problem of making nature lore interesting to peppy young campers.

—o—

Our little chirp on that prepossessing personal habit, courtesy, was upon walls and tentpoles in every camp we visited. The boys and girls liked it—if their courtesy to its author may be accepted at par. Directors and counselors have suggested that Honor, Character, Integrity, Fellowship and other personal virtues be similarly dramatized for camp boys and girls. And we shall strive to give heed to their advice.

That the lay reader may know what we refer to, we embalm Courtesy here for all time:

WHAT AM I?

I am a little thing with a big meaning.
I am never idle nor indifferent.
I help everybody.

THE CAMPING IDEAL

I unlock doors; open hearts; dispel prejudice.
Everybody loves me.

I create friendship for you—good will for
your business.

I inspire respect and admiration.

I am infectious as laughter.

I violate no law.

I please those of high and low degree alike.

I am useful every moment of every day.

I bore nobody.

Many have praised, none has condemned
me.

I cost you nothing save when you ignore me.

Then you lose friends, opportunity, wealth
and happiness.

I am that little trait called—

COURTESY.

—o—

That was a very fine custom at the rest hour which we observed in a western camp. One-fourth of the hour was devoted by the group leader in each cabin to reading something that could be profitably contemplated by the campers while reclining on their cots. The counselor who reads well and whose choice of subject has the development of the virtues in mind, who can subtly teach, not preach, becomes an infinite cultural force in this excellent practice. There must be judgment and discretion, however, and the ability to read impressively and with a voice that has been thoroughly sandpapered, rubbed and polished and given that loving surface of which artists prate.

—o—

Good fortune cast into our way recently in Boston a little book which every camper in the country should read. Its title indicates its importance to all who have the courage to question the trend of the times. "Whither are we going?" is still the eternal question.

This little book by Professor George A. Coe is, "What Ails Our Youth?" Professor Coe is an experienced educator of mature age. He sees right through the veneer of present-day life. He points out that what ails our youth is the environment into which we—the parents of America—brought them. We had known nothing of Professor Coe's timely book until our own was nearly finished. But we are glad to observe that its contents so aptly bear upon the camp purpose of every high-minded camp director.

After pleading that maturity should make our youth full partners in this work of thinking and learning together, and after pointing out that the chief danger that the young encounter is not any temptation to radicalism, but the soporific of conventionality, the author closes his interesting book with a final declaration that religion must be rejuvenated, brought up to fit a new world, new standards, new conventions, a new object in ethical researches and exploration. He says: "Only a youthful religion can hold out. * * This refers not to periods of time, but to quality of life. It means manifold responsiveness to impressions and a cor-

responding manifold possibility to happiness. It means ability to see, feel, understand, and sympathize with the need; ability to transcend precedents, most of all religious precedents; in short, a religion that has within itself the impulse and the power to resist and correct its own institutionalism. A youthful religion may be old in years; it may perhaps invest worship with ancient symbolism; it may guard against flightiness and flippancy; it certainly will seek for universal laws of life and for timeless good."

By all means read this little book which has the manly courage to say: "The beginning of the answer is that religion, as well as industry, the state, and general education, is sick, and that this sickness is due in material measure to the unfortunate cleavage between maturity and youth." In "Summer Camps—Boys and Girls" we said something similar, though not so effectively, not so deliberately, largely because we had already filled that little book with, well, with other things about camps and camping.

—o—

Just now a fine upstanding figure of a man leaned over our desk and, observing something less than a ton of written sheets, said: "Do you think you are writing the history of the universe, or just another camp book? You have just twenty-four hours in which to wane up and recover from your seeming *furor scribendi*. Your 'little book'

is already a big book, and half of what you have written will have to be ruthlessly edited into oblivion." Saying which, the tall, up-standing Boss displayed a war gleam in his left eye that put out our camp fire and left us in darkness and alone. We're sure you'll understand if we lock this camp up until next year. Good night, and may the stars always twinkle at sight of you on the Trail.



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